

IN PRZECIA

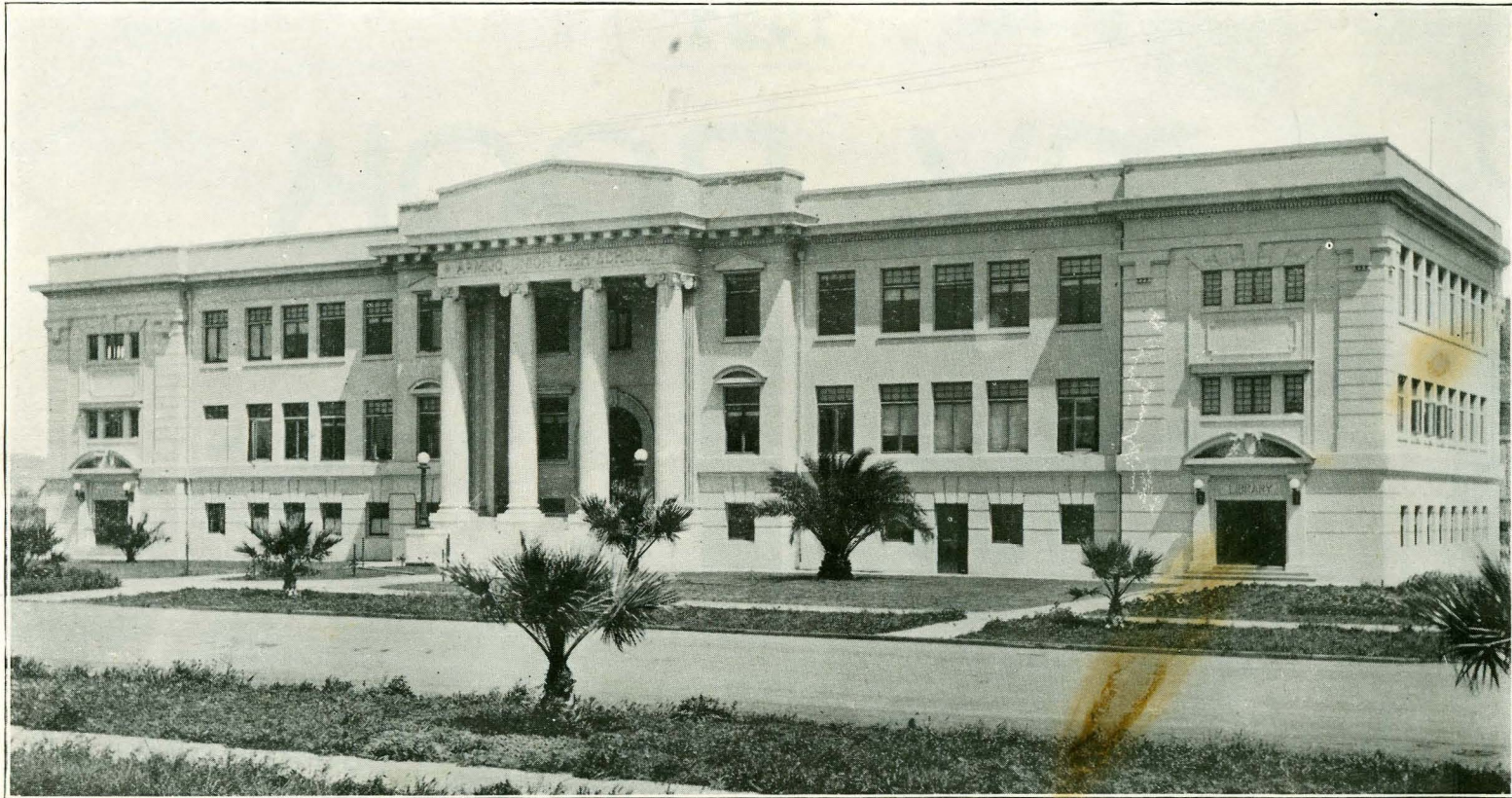


1921

MY BOOK

Name

Res.



ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL, FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA

LA MEZCLA

PUBLISHED ANNUALLY BY THE STUDENTS OF
ARMIJO UNION HIGH SCHOOL

JUNE, NINETEEN HUNDRED TWENTY-ONE
FAIRFIELD, CALIFORNIA



We, the Students of Armijo,

Do Dedicate this Issue of

La Mezcla

to

Mary Jean Davis

Because her unfailing patience

and loyalty~~friendship~~

Is an inspiration to all at Armijo.

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R. W. EVERETT

1920—FACULTY—1921

R. W. EVERETT, Principal
History Economics

J. H. FIREHAMMER
Science Agriculture

A. C. BOUDREAU
Commercial Basketball

FRANK C. KENYON
Manual Training Physical Training
Mechanical Drawing

VADA V. VERNON
Mathematics Physical Training

MRS. PAUL CADMAN
English Music

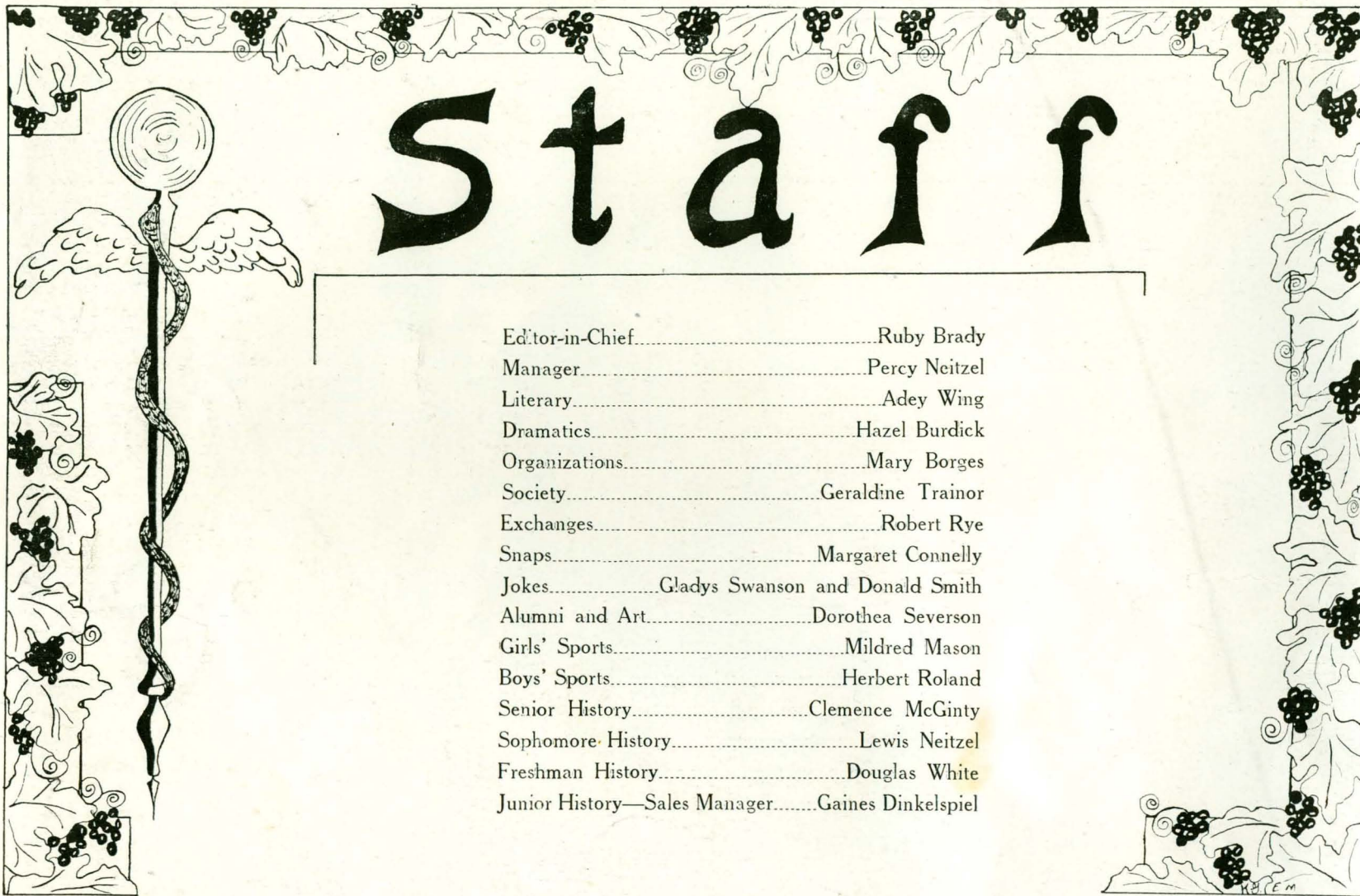
ALMA B. POWELL
Latin Spanish

MARY JEAN DAVIS
English French

CONSTANCE BOESKIN
Domestic Science Free Hand Drawing

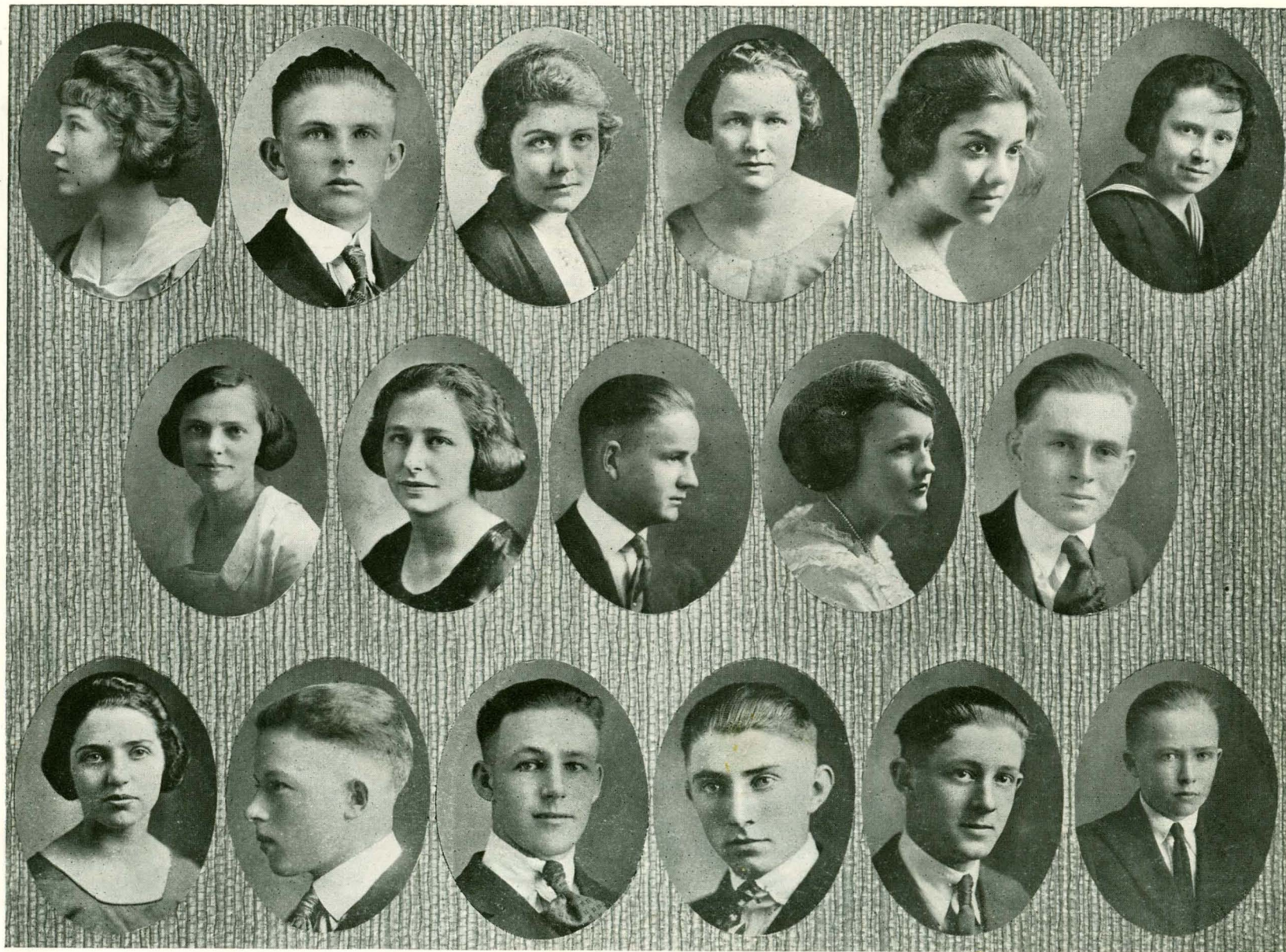


FACULTY—J. H. Firehammer, Mrs. Paul Cadman, A. C. Boudreau, Miss Mary Jean Davis,
Miss Alma Powell, Frank C. Kenyon, Miss Vada Vernon, Miss Constance Boeskin



Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....	Ruby Brady
Manager.....	Percy Neitzel
Literary.....	Adey Wing
Dramatics.....	Hazel Burdick
Organizations.....	Mary Borges
Society.....	Geraldine Trainor
Exchanges.....	Robert Rye
Snaps.....	Margaret Connelly
Jokes.....	Gladys Swanson and Donald Smith
Alumni and Art.....	Dorothea Severson
Girls' Sports.....	Mildred Mason
Boys' Sports.....	Herbert Roland
Senior History.....	Clemence McGinty
Sophomore History.....	Lewis Neitzel
Freshman History.....	Douglas White
Junior History—Sales Manager.....	Gaines Dinkelspiel



STAFF—Ruby Brady, Percy Neitzel, Adey Wing, Dorothea Severson, Mary Borges, Hazel Burdick, Geraldine Trainor, Margaret Connelly, Donald Smith, Gladys Swanson, Robert Rye, Mildred Mason, Herbert Roland, Clemence McGinty, Lewis Neitzel, Gaines Dinkelspiel, Douglas White



EDITORIAL



The purpose of a high school education is to make life easier, richer, happier, and most of all, to make good citizens. Students are trained not only in history, science and English, but also how to co-operate, how to conduct themselves creditably, how to lead better, fuller, more useful lives.

Looking backward the Seniors can see many opportunities they have missed, opportunities to develop their characters, opportunities to improve their minds, and perhaps, opportunities to have rendered some service to the school. The present students do not realize that they, too, may be missing opportunities. In future years, perhaps they will be experiencing the same regrets we feel as we approach our graduation.

From our lofty perch, new visions come to us; new aspirations assail us. Our future becomes something definite, instead of a hazy thing we were dimly aware awaited us in the distance.

We think of our school building and our loyalty and love for Armijo. We realize Armijo is our own personal property; ten years from now we will be paying taxes to support it. The careless breaking of windows and thoughtless destruction of books take on a new significance. If we have drawn pictures on the walls or scratched paint off the desks, it is our own property we have been defacing.

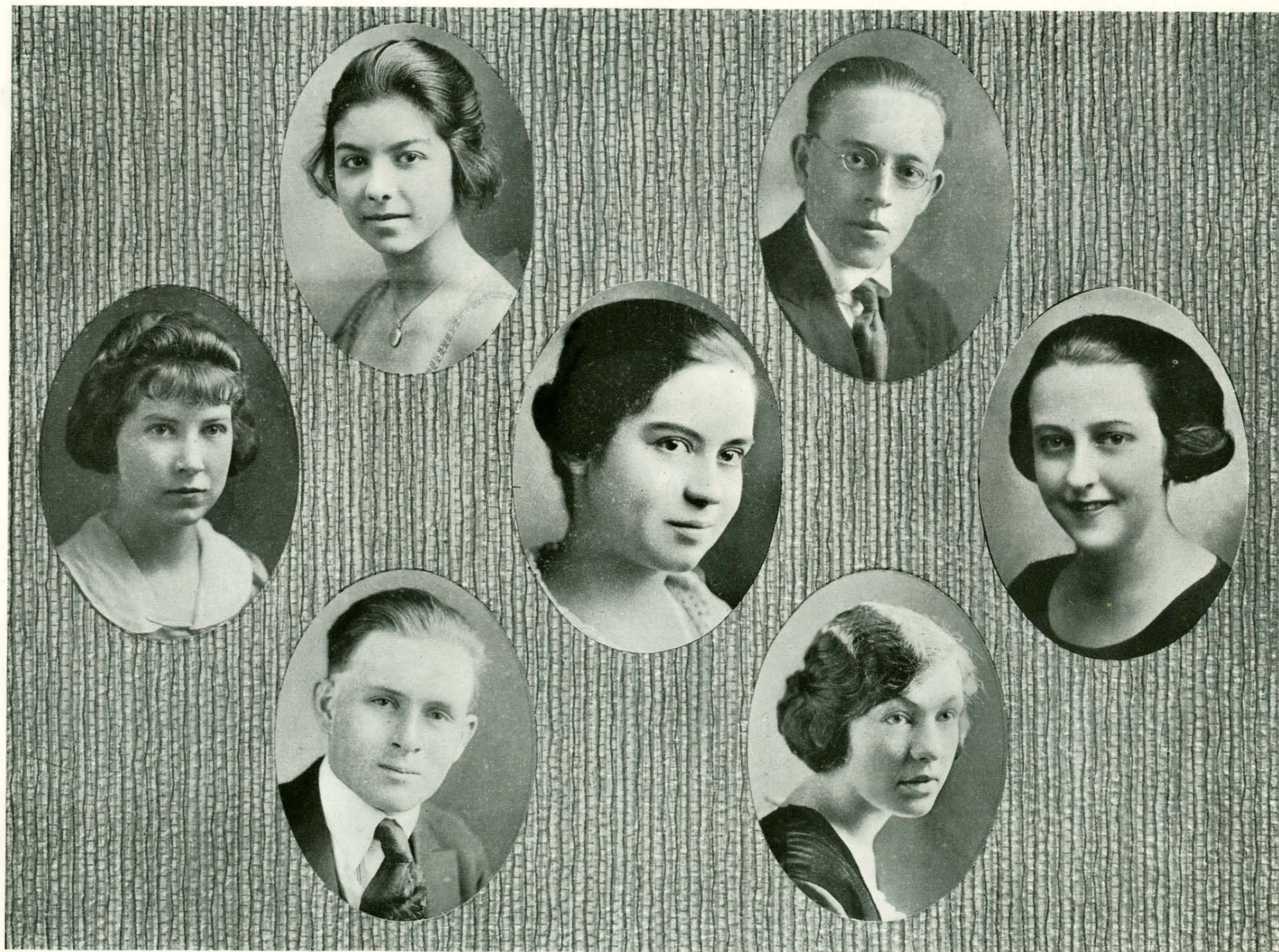
Our building is beautiful; we want it always to be beautiful. We want to come back in future years and be able to say with pride, "That is Armijo, the school from which we graduated."

As we leave it, a great love for it wells up within us. We are bound to it by ties which can never be broken; our classmates, the nooks and corners we used to haunt, even our most detested studies become ineffably dear to us. Not that we regret we are graduating; most of us are glad we have completed our four years; but our impending graduation brings our school nearer and dearer to us than ever before. Our loyalty is deepened; the patriotism and spirit that we had for our school, which surged through us when we upheld Armijo in athletics and other activities has a new note in it. Armijo will soon become our alma mater. It has become a part of us.

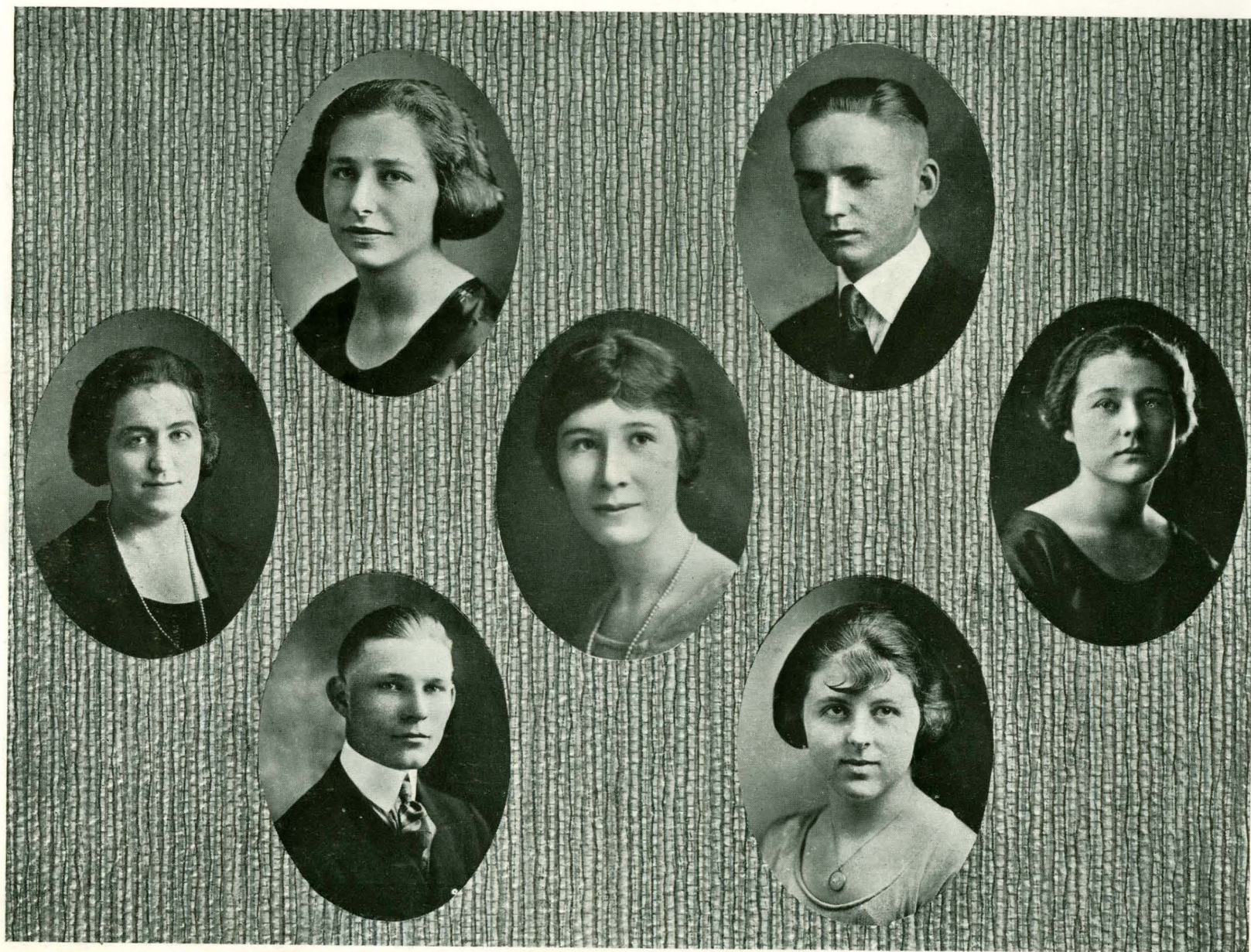
We are leaving Armijo in the hands of the classes who come after us. We know they have an abundance of school spirit; we know they love our school as we love it. We want to raise the school before we go; we want our successors to raise it still higher after we leave. So we bequeath Armijo as a sacred trust to those who come after us; to love and to uphold our ideals and cherish our alma mater.



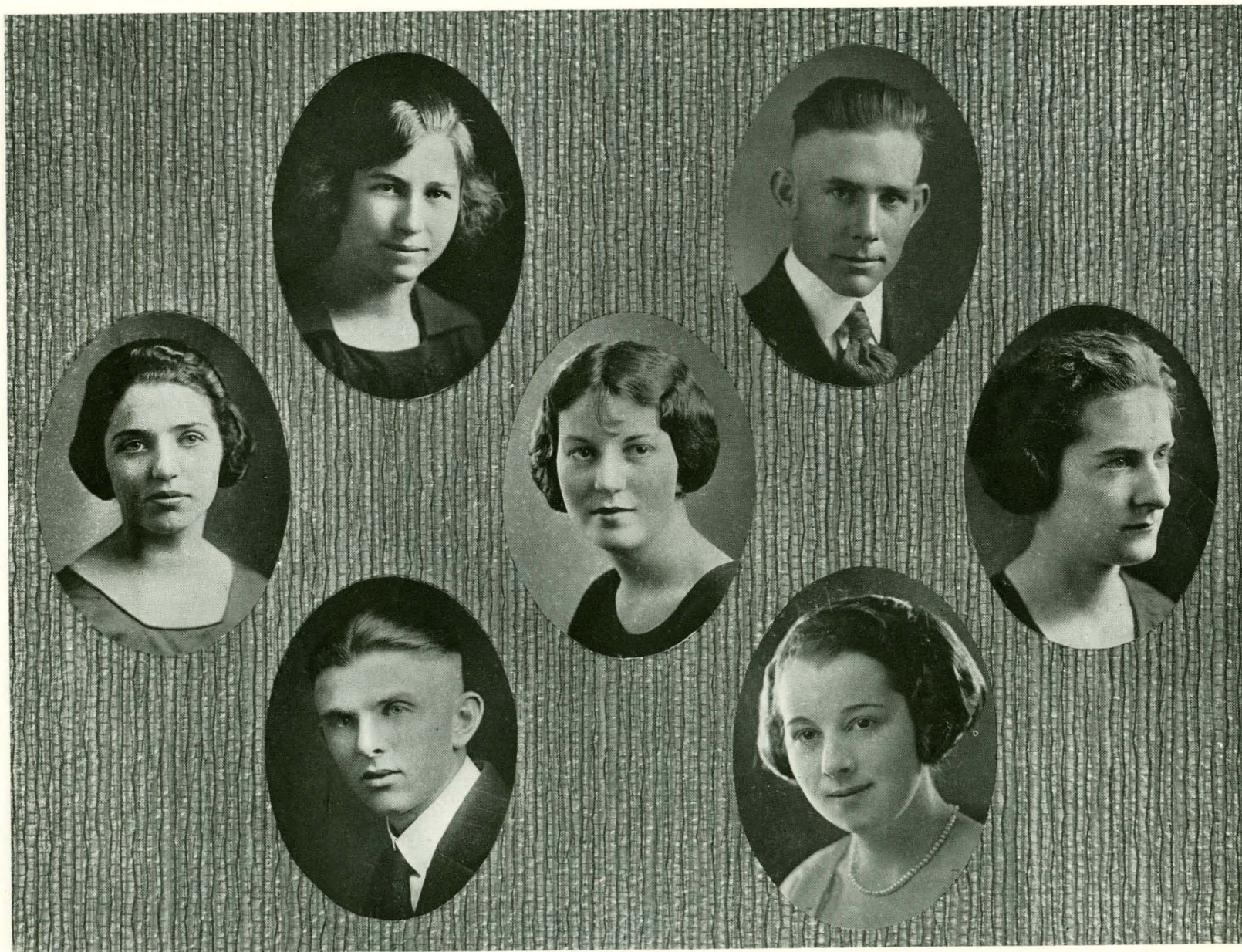
Annabell Weber.



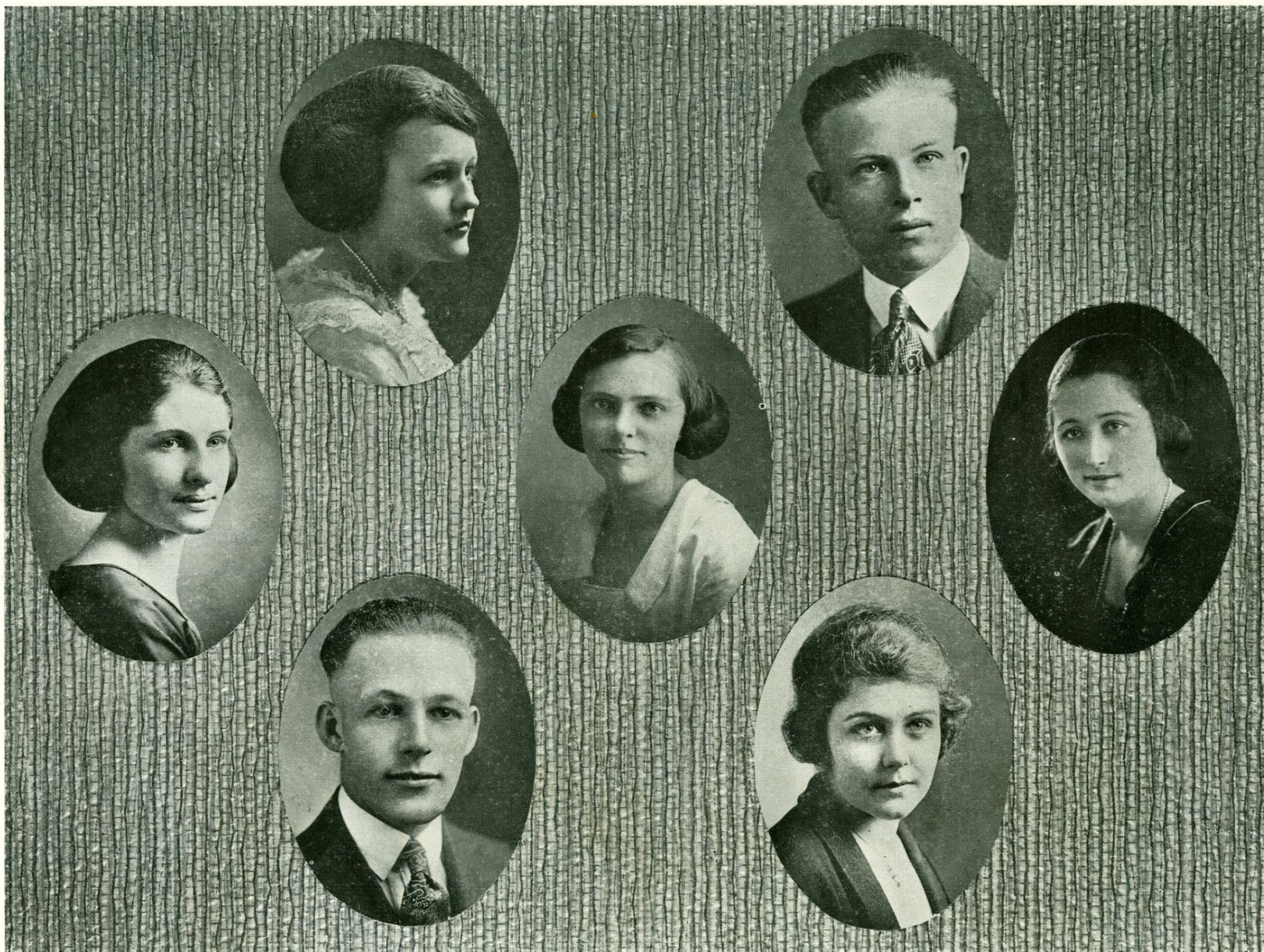
Mary Borges, Earl Goosen, Ruby Brady, Marguerite Bray, Edna Burrell, Robert Rye, Jane Christler



Margaret Connelly, Donald Smith, Margaret Crowley, Sadie Dunker, Genevieve Goodell, Walter Goosen, Wylda Hammond



Ellen Jacobson, Eldridge Strong, Mildred Mason, Beatrice Mayfield, Isabel Neitzel, Percy Neitzel, Marion Rutherford



Gladys Swanson, Herbert Roland, Ruth Tillman, Geraldine Trainor Evelyn Wilson, Clemence McGinty, Adey Wing

SUISUN-FAIRFIELD TATTLER

VOLUME ONE

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 3, 1950

NUMBER ONE

GREAT INTEREST IN THE TRAILOR DIVORCE CASE

Large crowds filled the courtroom today during the Traylor divorce proceedings. Mrs. Traylor, nee Isabel Neitzel, wants a divorce on the grounds that her husband cannot appreciate her literary and vocal talents. She says that he actually went to sleep while she was reading him a treatise on psychology. She furthermore insists that he refused to go to prayer meeting and bible class with her, and that he used profane language when she accidentally dropped an electric flatiron on his foot.

How this case will end, no one can say. A guard had to be placed around Mrs. Traylor during court, to prevent her from losing her temper and totally annihilating Mr. Traylor.

SPECIAL SERMON TO BE PREACHED NEXT SUNDAY

The Reverend Donald Smith, of the Fairfield Methodist Church, will preach a special sermon next Sunday. He has taken for his text, "Keeping Up With the Jones'." A special solo will be rendered by the Sunday School Superintendent, Miss Evelyn Wilson. The first song she will sing will be "Shield Me," and for an encore she will oblige with "Twinkle, Twinkle, Little Star."

SCHOOL TEACHER IS GIVEN SURPRISE PARTY

A surprise party was tendered Miss Genevieve Goodell by her admiring pupils, last night. The party was held at the Fireman's Clubhouse, and all present thoroughly enjoyed the ice cream. This party was given as a farewell to the popular teacher, whom it is alleged, is soon to become Mrs. Finch, as the termination of a long and delightful romance.

LOCAL TYPIST WINS INTERNATIONAL FAME

Word was received here today that Miss Ellen Jacobson, of Fairfield, is the winner of the barbed wire powder puff, awarded only to the best typist in the world. Arrangements are being made for Miss Jacobson to deliver a lecture soon on "The Invalubility of Involuntary Typing."

PICTURE ACTRESS RETIRES

Miss Beatrice Mayfield, the famous movie actress, is going to retire, as the comedies she plays in are getting a little too strenuous for her. Many friends will view her departure from the screen with regret, as she is known from coast to coast for her beauty and fashionable dressing. Her last picture will be entitled "I Can't Wait."

CLOSING OF YOUNG LADIES' SEMINARY

The Young Ladies' Seminary will close June 17 this year. Miss Ruth Tillman, dean of the institution, has stated that owing to her ill health, it will not reopen until next November. Only young ladies of the best families are allowed to attend the seminary. If a young lady wishes to enter, she must register five years in advance.

MRS. CHADBOURNE WILL GIVE BARBECUE

A picnic and barbecue will be held at the Grant Chadbourne ranch next Sunday, and all are invited to attend. Bronco-busting, horse-racing, and many other amusements are planned. Mrs. Chadbourne, nee Mildred Mason, is giving this barbecue in honor of their wedding anniversary. It is rumored that Mrs. Chadbourne would appreciate crockery for presents anyone would care to bring, as all her dishes have been broken in little arguments with Grant.

MARY BORGES
Elmira Jitney Bus Driver
Drives Between
Elmira and Suisun-Fairfield
Ladies, \$1.50 Gents, 10c

MADAME LA LA DISCOVERS A NEW SPECIMEN

Madame La La, known to her friends as Margaret Crowley, owner of the famous Suisun Insect Laboratory, has discovered a new insect. Nothing is known of the appearance of the new insect, as Madame La La would give no information.

Madame La La first became interested in insects many years ago, when a specimen of the Miller family wandered over to Suisun from Vallejo. After capturing and vivisectioning this Miller, she became so interested that she decided to devote her life to the investigation of insects.

SADIE DUNKER DISAPPEARS

No trace has been found of Miss Sadie Dunker, who was missed from her home late yesterday evening. Miss Dunker has won a world of renown in the field of art and much speculation has been going on in Cordelia as to the cause of her disappearance. Some of the people are convinced that she is doing it to gain more publicity.

EDNA BURRELL'S
CIRCUS
COMING, July 2, 3, 4 and 5
SPECIALTY ON ELEPHANTS,
HIPPOPOTAMI, WALRUSES,
AND WHALES

EDITORIAL

We feel that we cannot go to press without saying a good word for our candidate for official garbage collector, Mr. Robert Rye. We are thoroughly convinced that Mr. Rye will perform his duty and live up to our ideals in every way. His past reputation is spotless; his character unimpeachable; albeit he has had a past flirtation with a lumber king's daughter. His youthful indiscretions have nothing to do with his ability as a garbage collector, and we are going to give him our solid support.

Vote For
ROBERT RYE
Official Garbage Collector
Vote For a Man You Know is
Fitted For the Position

BEAUTY PARLOR
Madame M. Connelly
Latest Fads in Hair Dressing
Lip Sticks, Eyebrow Pencils,
Nose Reducers, Bleaching Lotions
and Beauty Patches
TRY OUR INSECT POWDER
There's a Reason

AUTOMOBILE RACES
AT THE BARBECUE
AT CHADBOURNE'S RANCH
WALTER GOOSSEN
FAMOUS AUTOMOBILE RACER

ELDRIDGE STRONG
LAWYER
Deals in all cases of law and equity
PREFERS DIVORCE CASES

HERBERT ROLAND PATENTS INVENTION

Herbert Roland has invented a new device by which machines can be driven by the feet alone, leaving the hands free. When asked about his object in inventing this device, Mr. Roland smiled his diabolical smile and said: "Why, sometimes when ladies go out riding, they might bring their crochet and tatting along and then they can drive with their feet, leaving their hands free to do their fancywork."

CARNIVAL BANISHED

The carnival which was recently ordered out of Farifield by the Town Trustees, is now showing in Dixon. This carnival was under the management of Earl Goosen, formerly a resident of this place.

The trustees first began to investigate the affair when they found that the people were being swindled. One concession advertised "September Morn." When the people entered the tent they did not observe the famous picture, but instead they saw a photograph of the California Redwoods, taken on a morning in September.

SECOND LUTHER BURBANK

Mrs. Morrison, nee Geraldine Trainor, has become a second Luther Burbank. She carries on her experiments on her ranch in Suisun Valley, and has just crossed a cocoanut with a tomato. She calls the result of this experiment the "Tubby Love Apple."

GOVERNOR'S WIFE IS A GREAT SUCCESS

Mrs. Dunnell, nee Adey Wing, has scored a great success in social circles. She is such a brilliant success that she quite outshines her husband at the parties they attend. All the fashionable young ladies are now wearing the new Dunnell pink.

LOCAL BOLSHEVISTS DEPORTED

Misses Ruby Brady and Marguerite Bray were deported to Russia last week, after having been convicted of spreading Bolshevik propaganda. Evidence could not be obtained to convict them of complicity in the bombing of Armijo Union High School, but it is suspected that they were the ringleaders. The damage done to the high school cannot be repaired for some time, as the office, history room and studyhall were totally destroyed.

Both women have been appointed to high positions in the Soviet government.

ARREST OF GLADYS SWANSON

Miss Gladys Swanson is under arrest on a charge of entering an ice cream parlor and putting rat poison in a milk shake which the proprietor was drinking.

It is understood that her motive was revenge, as the proprietor of the place was an old sweetheart of hers, with whom she had quarreled. She will probably be released, as the rat poison had absolutely no effect on the intended victim, except to make him feel more hard-boiled than ever.

MANICURIST TAKEN SUDDENLY ILL

It is stated that Jane Christler, of the Christler Manicuring Shop, was taken suddenly ill today at the shock of seeing an old school friend and lover. This old flame, with his wife and family entered the manicuring shop, whereupon Miss Christler, on recognizing Waldec Seguin, fell into a faint. It is reported that she has not yet recovered.

NIGHT SCHOOL STARTED

Percy Neitzel and Clemence McGinty have started a night school in which courses in writing love letters, how to propose, what to do when a lady insists on holding your hand, how to say goodnight, and all things pertaining to courtship that bashful young men would like to know, are taught.

Mr. McGinty says he is going to make this his life work, as he was so bashful when he was young that he would like to alleviate the suffering of present day young men.

MRS. BURRELL RETURNS

Mrs. Burrell, nee Marion Rutherford, has just returned from the city, where she has been buying graduation clothes for her eldest daughter.

HAMMOND GRILL
Get your Hot Dogs at the
Wylda Hammond Chop House
CHAPLIN'S EDITION
Everything Sold Positively
Guaranteed to be Edible

Class Will

We, the Senior Class of Nineteen Hundred and Twenty One, of Armijo Union High School, resident of the towns of Suisun and Fairfield, County of Solano, and State of California, being of unsound mind and exhausted memory, caused by our efforts to argue in the sixth period every afternoon, and being mindful of the fact that our sojourn in the hall of Armijo Union High School is nearly ended, do make, publish, and declare together, this, our last Will and Testament, that is to say:

To the unforgiving and non-forgettable faculty we unflinchingly give and bequeath with mingled grief but mostly pleasure, our absence.

To the conceited Juniors we willingly give and bequeath our unlimited knowledge of U. S. History, on the condition that they accept the knowledge seriously, and exert the same spirit of harmony which always pervaded the Senior Class.

To the lovelorn Sophomores we give and bequeath our ability to preserve romances.

To the innocent and unsuspecting Freshmen we give and bequeath our knack of escaping the snares of the faculty. Furthermore:

I, Mary Borges, give and bequeath my ability at bluffing through English IV to those who need it.

I, Ruby Brady, give and bequeath my excuse system to Betty Needham, provided she gets here before 10 o'clock.

I, Marguerite Bray, give and bequeath my healthy dislike for mechanical drawing to anyone with similar troubles.

I, Edna Burrell, being at present in my wrong state of mind, give and bequeath to Jim Neitzel my ability to get in my right state of mind without anyone noticing the change.

I, Jane Christler, give and bequeath to my sister, Annis Christler, a good share of my quietness.

I, Margaret Connelly, give and bequeath my secret of everlasting "pep" to Malcolm Davidson.

I, Margaret Crowley, give and bequeath my loud smiles to Vivian Dunker.

I, Sadie Dunker, give and bequeath my ambition and good commonsense to my cousin, Muriel Dunker.

I, Genevieve Goodell, give and bequeath my seat of honor in the Finch car to no one.

I, Earl Goosen, give and bequeath my Senior dignity to Carlyle Miller.

I, Walter Goosen, leave "Dot" to ride to and from school alone hereafter.

I, Wylde Hammond, give and bequeath the space I have occupied in this school to the most timid Freshman of next year.

I, Ellen Jacobson, give and bequeath my ability to get my lessons to "Fat" Blacklock.

I, Clemence McGinty, give and bequeath my playful disposition to Esther Bailard.

I, Mildred Mason, give and bequeath my decided opinions on "Woman's Suffrage" in student body meetings to Dorothea Severson, with the proviso that she treat them gently.

I, Ellen Murphy, give and bequeath some of my surplus length to Mamie Koch.

I, Beatrice Mayfield, give and bequeath my favorite expressions to the student body, to be used as mottos.

I, Isabel Neitzel, having decided to give up my gay life and settle down to a staid married career, do hereby give and bequeath my gift of gab to Lucy Clayton.

I, Percy Neitzel, give and bequeath my gracefulness to Ted Emmington, and my cheerful good nature to Carl Mattson.

I, Herbert Roland, leave my regrets that wild women are getting scarce.

I, Marion Rutherford, give and bequeath the last syllable of my name to those who cherish the "red" variety.

I, Robert Rye, give and bequeath my interest in the Noah Adams Lumber Co. to my rivals.

I, Don Smith, give and bequeath my home brew recipes to Ted White.

I, Eldridge Strong, give and bequeath my bow tie to Bowdoin Kemp, hoping to further his manly beauty.

I, Gladys Swanson, give and bequeath my 1,000,000 votes in the Police Gazette popularity contest to Christina Lorenzen.

I, Geraldine Trainor, give and bequeath my string of farmers to anyone clever enough to get them.

I, Evelyn Wilson, give and bequeath my magnetism attracting all the household duties in the cooking room to next year's cooking class, so they will not all fall on anyone in particular.

I, Adey Wing, give and bequeath my curly hair to the manual training department.

Senior Who's Who

Mary Borges—Just Mary.
 Appearance—Childish.
 Favorite Expression—You crazy kids.
 Favorite Occupation—Bluffing
 Ambition—Snake charmer.
 Destiny—Old maid.

Marguerite Bray—Margy.
 Appearance—Large.
 Favorite Expression—The Prof. called my Dad
 up and—
 Favorite Occupation—Braying.
 Ambition—To be postmistress in Cement.
 Destiny—Queen of Cement.

Edna Burrell—Lena.
 Appearance—Overgrown.
 Favorite Expression—Gee, I'm hungry.
 Favorite Occupation—Eating.
 Ambition—To be the sole possessor of a
 "Church."
 Destiny—Janitress of a "Church."

Ruby Brady—Rube.
 Appearance—Busy.
 Favorite Expression—The bell rang before I
 got here.
 Favorite Occupation—Shooting crap.
 Ambition—To be editress of "The Fairfield
 Enterprise."
 Destiny—Dean at Vassar College.

Jane Christler—Janey Rainy.
 Appearance—Neat.
 Favorite Expression—Darn it.

Page Twenty

Favorite Occupation—Dolling up.
 Ambition—To help Robert keep the new house
 clean.
 Destiny—Assistant keeper of the Fairfield
 Water Works.

Margaret Connelly—Margie.
 Appearance—Happy.
 Favorite Expression—I'm squelched.
 Favorite Occupation—Arguing with the Prof.
 Ambition—To capture some male.
 Destiny—Home and mother.

Margaret Crowley—La La.
 Appearance—Ponderous.
 Favorite Expression—I could hit you.
 Favorite Occupation—Reading "Whizz Bang."
 Ambition—To get thin.
 Destiny—Assistant editor of "Whizz Bang."

Sadie Dunker—Dunk.
 Appearance—Slim.
 Favorite Expression—Quit your kiddin', Duck.
 Favorite Occupation—Studying.
 Ambition—To be a missionary's wife.
 Destiny—A Mrs. Missionary.

Genevieve Goodell—Gen.
 Appearance—Blonde.
 Favorite Expression—Oh!
 Favorite Occupation—Riding in a Dodge.
 Ambition—To discourage Finch.
 Destiny—Devlish grass widow.

Earl Goosen—Duckie.
 Appearance—Studious.

Favorite Expression—I don't know.
 Favorite occupation—Being silent.
 Ambition—To be a lady-killer.
 Destiny—Missionary.

Walter Goosen—Fussy.
 Appearance—Loving.
 Favorite Expression—I'd walk a mile for a
 "Camel."
 Favorite Occupation—Looking at a "Dot."
 Ambition—To be a farmhand.
 Destiny—Horse manicurer at Manka's Corner.

Wylda Hammond—Wild One.
 Appearance—Dashing ???
 Favorite Expression—Oh, Heck!
 Favorite Occupation—Looking prim.
 Ambition—Mayoress of Chaplin Addition.
 Destiny—Mrs. Lewis.

Ellen Jacobson—Jake.
 Appearance—Business-like.
 Favorite Expression—Well, see, it's like this—
 Favorite Occupation—Typing for the Prof.
 Ambition—To be secretary to the President.
 Destiny—Stenographer.

Mildred Mason—Mil.
 Appearance—Cute.
 Favorite Expression—You darned kids make
 me sick.
 Favorite Occupation—Looking for "Cream
 Puff" (her Ford).
 Ambition—To keep her temper.
 Destiny—Health inspector at White's Prep.

Senior Who's Who

Beatrice Mayfield—Bea.
Appearance—Dressy.
Favorite Expression—It must be great.
Favorite Occupation—Driving Percy's Ford.
Ambition—To live in Dixon.
Destiny—Society leader.

Clemence McGinty—Mac.
Appearance—Serious???????
Favorite Expression—When do we eat?
Favorite Occupation—Teasing.
Ambition—To graduate.
Destiny—Liberator of Ireland.

Isabel Neitzel—Issie.
Appearance—Dreamy.
Favorite Expression—I don't see why we have to do it that way.
Favorite Occupation—Waiting for Harvey.
Ambition—To be a bride.
Destiny—A "Trailor."

Percy Neitzel—Perc.
Appearance—Short?????
Favorite Expression—Oh, Peter!
Favorite Occupation—Chauffering for Bea.
Ambition—To kill all his rivals so he can court Bea.
Destiny—Salesman at Mayfield & Long's Garage.

Evelyn Wilson—Ev.
Appearance—Sporty.
Favorite Expression—Going into town?

Favorite Occupation—Staying home from school.
Ambition—None in the world.
Destiny—Movie queen??

Geraldine Trainor—Chick.
Appearance—"Smart."
Favorite Expression—What's it to you?
Favorite Occupation—Laughing.
Ambition—To own half interest in a "Tubby" ranch.
Destiny—Sacramento.

Ruth Tillman—Ruthie.
Appearance—Striking.
Favorite Expression—I think so, don't you?
Favorite Occupation—Stepping out in new clothes.
Ambition—To own a pet "Lamb."
Destiny—Designer at Harlan's.

Gladys Swanson—Glad.
Appearance—Vampish???
Favorite Expression—I don't know anything about it.
Favorite Occupation—Cutting Agriculture to—
Ambition—To be a vamp.
Destiny—A home wrecker.

Eldridge Strong—Weak.
Appearance—Slow.
Favorite Expression—The deuce you say.
Favorite Occupation—Playing tennis.
Ambition—To play a love game (in tennis.)
Destiny—Winner of the Davis Cup.

Donald Smith—Don.
Appearance—Athletic.
Favorite Expression—Where's Lucille?
Favorite Occupation—Talking to Lucille.
Ambition—To mesmerize a miss.
Destiny—District agent for Pioneer Fruit Co.

Robert Rye—Bob.
Appearance—Slick.
Favorite Expression—Hello, Jane.
Favorite Occupation—Talking to Jane.
Ambition—To win a "Jane."
Destiny—Assistant drayman to W. A. Christler.

Marion Rutherford—Mary.
Appearance—Important.
Favorite Expression—Oh, tweet.
Favorite Occupation—Looking up her Vallejo friends.
Ambition—To be a sister to Edna.
Destiny—Farmerette, near Creston.

Herbert Roland—Herb.
Appearance—Sloppy.
Favorite Expression—What we need is co-operation.
Favorite Occupation—Arguing.
Ambition—To be Patrick Henry's successor.
Destiny—Bartender in Hades.

Adey Wing—A.
Appearance—Winsome.
Favorite Expression—Tra la la. Spring is here.
Favorite Occupation—Talking.
Ambition—To live in Martinez.
Destiny—An adorable housewife.



SENIOR CLASS

Senior Class History

Four years and ten days ago, we entered under the portals of dear old Armijo, with a fixed purpose of making our four years here a success. Upon looking back, I remember how frightened and how green we looked. While we were only Freshmen we looked upon the Seniors with wonder; they were at the top of the mountain; their goal being accomplished. Little did we realize that four years hence we would be occupying the same seats, and at the same time, would have passed through all storms of books and studies.

During our Freshman year we elected the following officers: Ruth Tillman, president; Claire Keene, vice-president; Marion Rutherford, secretary-treasurer. With these officers we smoothly glided through our Freshman year, and before we knew it we found ourselves Sophomores.

In our Sophomore year we were thirty strong, and with this enrollment we were able to let the rest of the school know we were in existence. During this year we became more acquainted and had more responsibilities thrust upon our shoulders. We took active part in social and athletic activities, making a great showing for ourselves in each. Although we did more or less quarreling among ourselves, we managed to survive. As we looked forward, picturing the two years ahead of us, we could see the time when we would be marching upon the stage with our hand extended, eager to grasp that purple and gold sheepskin. With Louie Morse as our worthy president, and with Isabel Neitzel, vice-president, and Percy Neitzel as secretary-treasurer, we were able to work in unison.

During our Sophomore year we gave a dance, which proved a financial success. We entered into athletics with great enthusiasm, our men playing on the teams. Our Sophomore year passed swiftly and before we knew it, we were mighty Juniors.

With a class enrollment of twenty-eight, the first step we took was to organize. Those elected to honor our class and to stand by it through the fiercest storms were: Herbert Roland, president; Clemence McGinty, vice-president; Ruth Tillman, secretary-treasurer. With the cooperation of these officers the class was able to work smoothly.

We were now in a position to look forward, and with eager eyes look upon the Seniors, who were within reach of their goal; who,

within a short while, would be marching up to receive their diplomas. During our Junior year we again gave a dance, which we put over with great financial success. We were also the mainstay in all lines of athletics, and at the head of the student body activities. Before we knew it we were at the end of our Junior year.

Here we are, in our Senior year; a year we will never forget. The first step we found necessary was to establish our class officers. Those elected were: Clemence McGinty, president; Genevieve Goodell, vice-president; Geraldine Trainor, secretary-treasurer. Although this year has been spent in hard, conscientious studying, we have had some good times. We regret that this is our last year in dear old Armijo, but we can see opportunities waiting for us in a larger world.

During our four years spent here we have made many friends whom we regret to lose. To the faculty, we appreciate the cooperation which we received during our four years; and to the classes that follow, we wish the best of luck.

Class motto. "We lead, others follow." Class flowers, roses. Class colors, gold and white.

Mary Borges
Marguerite Bray
Ruby Brady
Edna Burrell
Jane Christler
Margaret Connelly
Margaret Crowley
Sadie Dunker
Earl Goosen
Walter Goosen
Wylde Hammond
Genevieve Goodell
Ellen Jacobson
Clemence McGinty
Mildred Mason

Ellen Murphy
Beatrice Mayfield
Isabel Neitzel
Percy Neitzel
Herbert Roland
Gladys Swanson
Marion Rutherford
Robert Rye
Don Smith
Eldridge Strong
Geraldine Trainor
Evelyn Wilson
Ruth Tillman
Adey Wing

—Clemence McGinty



JUNIOR CLASS

Junior History

Four score and seven years ago—Wait! I mean, just three years ago—sixty of the greenest of green Freshies entered the portals of Armijo. We were a hot-looking bunch, and we had to be very, very careful and obedient, because there was a husky bunch of Sophomores to look out for, but we survived.

In a short time we had a class meeting and elected the following officers to start us on our journey: Verne Morrill, president; Grant Chadbourne, vice-president; Hazel Burdick, secretary-treasurer. We had a fine time during this first year, even if a few of us were introduced to the old watering trough.

In August, 1919, we came back to continue our work at Armijo, not as green Freshies, but as proud and haughty Sophomores. A few of the old class had dropped out, but we still had a large class, and on account of this we started to introduce the Freshies to the watering trough and shower room; and one of the Freshmen found out that we were some artists. (Don't say anything, but if I remember correctly, a few of our class were suspended a week for this piece of "free-hand painting.") After we had received a lecture from the trustees and faculty about hazing and had been told that it was out of date, we subsided and held a meeting. The following were elected to represent us for the ensuing year: Walter Gordon, president; Ellie J. Mullen, vice-president; Gaines Dinkelspiel, secretary-treasurer. We made a good showing on the track and basketball teams.

In August, 1920, we started in on our third lap of the journey, and one gradually getting nearer and nearer to the coveted seats on the west side of the study hall. At the first meeting of the class, the first thing to be talked about was the annual commencement dance. We are going to give one that will make the schools nearby sit up and take notice. At this meeting we elected the following officers: Gaines

Dinkelspiel, president; Lena Vogel, vice-president; Cedric White, secretary-treasurer.

In a few months we received our class pins and rings and everyone was happy. We gave a play this year, under the direction of Miss Davis, entitled "Everygirl." It was a grand success and we are considering giving it again. In athletics, we made a fair showing, several of our members taking places at the S. C. A. L. meet at Dixon.

The following students and members of the Class of '22 hope to start on the final lap of the journey next year:

Raymond Blacklock
Evelyn Blacklock
Virgil Boudreau
Grace Burdick
Hazel Burdick
Blanche Catling
Gaines Dinkelspiel
Clair Keene
Muriel Dunker
Vivian Dunker
Theodore Emmington
Orvin Fry
Kimi Gengo
Walter Gordon
Burnell Greene
Idelle Hironymous
Margaret Jensen
Lucille Jones

Bowdoin Kemp
Mamie Koch
Bransford Langdon
Christina Lorenzen
Neal Magnus
Hazel Mattson
Carlyle Miller
Ellen Miller
Verne Morrill
Ellen Mullen
Ralph Prather
Florence Roe
Dorothea Severson
Leah Shively
Lena Vogel
Beryle Webster
Cedric White
Winston Woods

—Gaines Dinkelspiel





SOPHOMORE CLASS

Sophomore History

The Class of '23 had looked ahead several years for their first day at Armijo Union High School. We all went through the day safely and were glad when the first week was over, because the prof. put a stop to hazing. During the first month, a marked degree of intelligence was exhibited by the class. The officers of the class this year were as follows: President, John Kinlock; Vice-President, Lewis Neitzel; Secretary-Treasurer, Elizabeth Needham. After taking part in every activity in school we left for our summer vacation.

We returned in the fall of 1920, with a class smaller than we left. We were not allowed to haze this year because the class before made

it too strenuous for us. The following class officers for this year were elected: Lewis Neitzel, president; Dorothy Campbell, vice-president; Lucy Clayton, secretary-treasurer. We were strong in athletics, taking second place in the interclass meet; one of the boys made the first basketball team, and we had five men in the baseball team. The Sophomore Class has done its part in school activities; but has not yet made a spectacular history for itself, both because of its youth, and because of its earnest adaptation to hard work.

The class flower is a rose; class colors, green and gold; class motto, "Deeds, not words."

Lewis Neitzel—

TO ARMIJO

'Neath the shining sun of Truth,
A mighty banner stands,
Decked with purple and with gold,
Upheld by willing hands.

Emblazoned on its purple folds,
There gleams a mighty name,
Armijo!—born of love and truth,
And glorious deeds of fame.

We hail to the students of Armijo,
In song and gladsome praise,
Up with the banner of purple and gold,
Unfurl and proudly raise.

We sing to the world, to the world today,
Of our loyalty which shall not sever,
May that loyalty grow and magnify,
So here's to Armijo forever.

—Lena Vogel



FRESHMAN CLASS

Freshman Class History

In August, 1920, we halted on the brink
Of the turbid sea of high school, all scared a ruddy pink.
Two score and more in numbers, we still were scared, alas!
A hopeless, helpless, sorry crowd—that timid Freshman class.

From the marshes of Cordelia had come one Arthur B.,
One dairyman named Howard, and a guy named Arthur P.
There were Mabel S. and Alice L., and while I'm looking back
I won't forget old, faithful, honest, truthful Farmer Jack.

Fresh from the Suisun tules had come fat Wallace B.,
And Alvin, Ruth and Cyrus, Elaine and Annie C.
And Marvin, Kathryn, Eleanor and George, a clever guy,
And Waldeck out of Flanders Fields, who never told a lie.

'Twas Irma, Ed and Jessie that put Rockville on the map—
Those three and old Onodo, who owns the isle of Yap.
'Twas Center sent us Anabel; Cement the wily Clyde;
From the frozen fields of Scandia came Win, our joy and pride.

From the gopher plains of Dover came little Carrie J.,
And also charming Clarence, who has a winning way.

From the walnut gulch of Gomer came little Mildred Finch.
Green didn't come from nowhere, but we've got him—that's a cinch.

From the new mown fields of Fairfield there came a noisy mob—
There were Barney, James and Gladys—Elvie, Tom and Bob;
There were Frank and Freda, good old Toke, and Mary and Marie,
And Helen, Martin, handsome Ward, and Douglas—which is me.

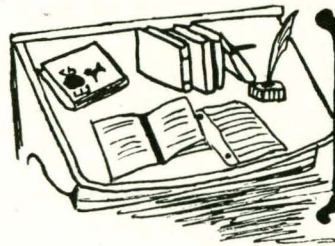
We shook and shivered in our fear—we dreaded to begin;
But shut our eyes and clinched our teeth and bravely tumbled in.
Since that hot day in August, when our banner we unfurled,
We've put this school upon the map, I'll tell the bloomin' world.

We always know our lessons, and in sports we do not lack;
We've larruped all the grammar schools on diamond and on track.
We're finished dramaticians, you can't beat us in debate—
Our singing is notorious all up and down the state.

We're always present with the goods, in spite of wind or weather,
We've got more brains than Sophomores and Juniors put together.
Just watch this bunch of Freshies, and the future that's in store
For this brilliant, handsome, captivating Class of '24.

—Douglas White





LITERARY

THE SACRIFICE

This is not the old story of the wife, armed with the proverbial rolling pin, waiting until the wee sma' hours for her erring husband. Rather, it is that of the husband, armed with a self-righteous anger, waiting for the erring wife.

Carol came softly up the steps and tiptoed through the hall. She hoped, even though she knew better, that Donald would be in bed. He wouldn't care this time! Surely not! Just a little party at the club with a crowd of her old, girlhood friends! Why, he would be glad she had had a little outing! It wasn't as if she had to sneak out! Why, of course he wouldn't care. So she reasoned, but remained unconvinced.

A light was burning in the cozy little den of a living room. Carol hesitated before the door. A cruel sense of forboding engulfed her. She shivered. Then she opened the door and went in.

Silence. Donald glared at his wife from his position by the fireplace. The silence continued.

The chilly foreboding left Carol and was replaced by anger. What right had he to look at her as if she were some miserable culprit robbing the contribution box at church? Couldn't she even see her friends once in a while? Why did he have to act so about it? Did

she have to give herself up, body and soul, to please him? Didn't she have a right to have friends? Didn't she have a right?

"Oh! Did you come home to see the sunrise?" with unveiled sarcasm from Donald.

An hysterical giggle from Carol.

"You think it's funny do you? You think it's funny? I——" Words failed him.

"Since you intend to start a fight, I may as well sit down and be comfortable," and Carol dropped into a chair by the library table, her wavy bobbed hair falling in brown ringlets around her piquant little face.

Donald went black with anger. She had been gone all night. Now she laughed in his face and was flippant. To think he loved a woman like that! Look at her face! No decent woman went around with her hair bobbed and rouge on her face! Look at her dress! Her shoulders were bare! And she was his wife! And he loved her!

"Donald," pleaded Carol, showing her adorable dimples and eyeing him wistfully with her soft, gray eyes, "I have been at the club, with Mrs. Van Stein and a crowd. I had the jolliest time. I—we—" she stopped.

"Don't bother about telling me where you were, I'm sure."

Carol jumped to her feet.

"Can't I spend an evening with my friends? Do I interfere with your pleasures? Do I attempt to tell you where to go and how to dress? Whatever I do, I never have a minute's peace in this house!"

"No, how could you? You never stay in the house as long as a minute."

"Rave on! Rave on!"

"Yes, I will rave on. Look at the rouge on your face! Absolutely disgusting! The thing you call a dress is an outrage on decency! You spend your time in questionable places, with questionable people, doing questionable things!"

"The Van Steins are not questionable people," defended Carol. "Oh, how can you? How can you? Why shouldn't I use a little rouge, if it makes me more attractive? It's not a crime punishable by death, and everybody wears dresses like this."

"Perhaps everybody you know, but not really worthwhile people."

"Who are you, to judge whether people are worthwhile or not? You are insufferable! Oh, life is so sordid, so cruel, so terrible!" Carol's voice ended in a wail.

"Really, Carol, you are getting quite melodramatic. I would like to know what your definition of life really is."

"Life is one long misunderstanding. A man's life is one long debauch, and a woman's life is one long sacrifice."

"A man's life is one long debauch! Don't be so cheaply silly. You know I never debauch."

"You don't debauch? You're debauching right now. You're having a debauch of anger."

Donald overlooked this and came back to the main issue.

"Carol, my mother never felt the need of going to such affairs as you attend. Be reasonable, dear. Haven't I a right to expect as much of my wife?"

"But, Donald, times have changed. How do you know what your mother would have done had she lived now? She had friends, didn't she? Oh, Donald, Donald dear, please try to see my side of it."

But Donald could not see her side of it. He felt no urge for unusual, uninteresting things as Carol did. How could he know how poor little Carol yearned for theatres, wonderful clothes, and the companionship of brilliant men and women? How could he know that even the sight of a great artist or singer could thrill her beyond his power to thrill? He loved her, yes, he loved her; but he did not understand her and did not try to understand her. He simply condemned her.

Finally Carol yielded, and bursting into a flood of tears said,

"Very well, I will not go out with Mrs. Van Stein and her friends again."

"Now, that's the way I like to hear my little darling talk," and Donald gathered her into his arms.

"You know I give you everything you need, and lots besides. I'll buy you that Victrola you wanted and we'll give away the old one." It's easy to be generous when you're victorious.

Half an hour later, Carol and Donald did watch the sun rise. The chilly foreboding returned to Carol and laid a heavy hand on her heart. Giving up the Van Steins had been a great sacrifice to her. They stood for a wonderful world of Bohemian pleasure. They stood for everything interesting and delightful in life. She sighed dully. She had made sacrifices before. Now she had made this one. She saw her life stretched out before her in a long, rough, endless road with a sacrifice at every milestone.

"Carol," Donald broke in upon her meditation. "You are not going to bob your hair again, are you?"

"No," she responded, "I am going to let it grow long."

"A woman's life is one long sacrifice, a woman's life is one long sacrifice," seemed to be dinning through her brain like the ceaseless ticking of a clock. She turned a hopeless face and looked at Donald.

"Oh, you adorable girl! My darling wife!" Donald kissed her. "You don't know how you make me love you!"

"Yes," thought Carol, "a woman's life is one long sacrifice—it is one long sacrifice; but Oh, my Donald—dear Donald—he is worth any sacrifice."

—Ruby Brady

A HEADACHE

Let the cool winds o'er me blow,
Let me bathe my head in snow,
Let me stop the river's flow;
With my head.
Let me higher spheres ascend,
Let me universes rend,
Let me icy torrents blend,
For my head.
In the snowdrift's whirling fashion,
Let it kiss me to distraction,
Let it soothe the burning passion
Of my head.

—Florence Roe

THE PANTHER

The fact that the train did not stop at Devil's Hollow was of little or no consequence to the stranger. The train had barely passed the station when off shot a suitcase, followed closely by the hurtling form of a man.

"Whoa! there, ye rascals! Whoa! there," shouted Uncle Tim Ryerson to his team, as the sprawling figure of a man slid on to the road. "Howdy, stranger," he grinned. "Glad to meet up with you. 'Pears you have a right handy way of interducin' yoresef; or was you jest atyin' to commit sideways?"

"The same to you," responded the stranger with a broad grin, getting up and brushing the dust from his clothes. "I almost ran over you, didn't I? Can you tell me where the Circle K ranch is?"

"Surest thing, you know," chuckled old Tim. "I go right up by her. An' if you want a lift, why jest heft yoresef up hyar and we'll be off."

The stranger hefted up and away they went.

"Out here for your health, I suppose," remarked Uncle Tim, eyeing the silk socks, the smooth, white hands, and the manicured nails.

"Not a bit of it," the stranger replied. "I'm out here to work. I've heard that they need men at the Circle K.; so I'm going there."

The two made the balance of the journey in comparative silence, except for an occasional chuckle from Uncle Tim. It was evident that he was much amused, and could hardly picture this enthusiastic young Easterner as a cowpuncher. It was nearing sun down when they drove up to the Circle K. Uncle Tim bid goodbye and good luck to his young charge and drove off chuckling.

"What's your name?" growled the foreman, a mean, surly-looking fellow, when the stranger approached him for a job.

"My name is Tiger Johnson," the stranger responded pleasantly.

"Ho! ho! A member of the cat family, huh?" laughed Brick Stanton, one of the nearby punchers. The stranger's face turned white and then flushed hot with anger.

"No," he said firmly, with a thin smile on his lips. "Not a member of the cat family, but a thoroughbred Tiger, and if you think that I don't have a good, sharp pair of claws, why just try me."

Brick needed no second invitation, for he was considered the handiest man with his fists for miles around. He made a vicious swing, but somehow or other the stranger wasn't there. A pair of hands, like the claws of a tiger grasped him in a vicelike grip, lifted him bodily, and a moment later hurled him headlong through the air. He landed

in a heap, almost twenty feet away, and lay there for some time before rising.

All was silent—no one laughed—no one spoke. "Do I get the job?" asked the stranger.

"You do," acknowledged the foreman. "Can you ride?"

"I can try," replied the stranger.

"Very well," said the foreman. "Saddle up young Buck, boys."

Brick now managed to get unsteadily to his feet. He brushed the blood and dust from his face, and advanced with outstretched hand.

"Yo're a tiger, all right, and a well-trained one," he said as the stranger took his hand. "But you'd better not ride that Buck hoss ef you ever want to see daylight again."

"I'll take a chance," was the stranger's reply.

Brick called the foreman aside and said: "Say, you shouldn't let him get on that hoss. He'll get killed, shore."

"It'll serve him right if he doesn't know any better'n to get on him," snapped the foreman.

Everything was ready. The stranger vaulted to Buck's back with the ease of a trained athlete. He settled himself well in the saddle, then said, "Ready," and they turned the horse loose. The stranger proved a credit to his name, for he stuck to Buck's back like a cat, and in a short time had thoroughly subdued the animal. He then leapt lightly to the ground, strode over to the bunkhouse and disappeared within.

The complete silence which reigned for a full minute after he had gone was broken by Brick.

"Boys," he said, "there's trouble ahead, I'm sure. I can feel it in my bones." He passed his hand over his head as if trying to recollect something. "I've seen that fellow before, somewhere; or someone the dead image of him."

"There is something mighty mysterious about him," the foreman broke in. "Along come the greenest lookin' tenderfoot I ever saw, and downs our best man and the wildest hoss in the country."

Here he was interrupted by the re-appearance of the stranger, who advanced liesurely toward them, rolling a cigarette with one hand, while holding a lighted match in the other. He lit the cigarette, and inhaled deeply before speaking. "Who owns this ranch," he asked quietly.

"Jim Crandall," replied Brick.

No one could fail to notice the keen look of satisfaction which flickered for a second in the stranger's eyes; then died away and left them a blank—a puzzle to all who looked into them.

Next morning he appeared at breakfast in a pair of high-heeled boots, a checked shirt, a pair of riding pants, and a purple scarf about his neck. As he entered the door, he hung a big, black Stetson hat and a pair of Mexican spurs on the wall; seated himself and ate his breakfast in silence.

When the day's work began, it soon became evident that although the mysterious stranger could ride a bucking horse, he had no idea how to head a steer or handle a rope, and although he always wore a big "six-gun" strapped to his hip, he could not be induced to shoot it. When asked to demonstrate his skill in shooting, he always replied that he never wasted his ammunition on tin cans and fence-posts.

Six months passed and all went well. The stranger became known as Tige, and even the foreman admitted that he might make a good hand in another six or eight months. Then the Circle K began to lose cattle, and in the following two years lost heavily, until there were only about seven hundred head left of nearly ten thousand. These were kept under a heavy guard, day and night.

One morning the guards were found asleep. They had been drugged in some mysterious manner. The last steer was gone, and the thief, with the same cunning that he had used in former raids, left no clew behind which might lead to his identity.

Everyone on the ranch turned out to track the stolen cattle, even the Chinese cook; but all their efforts were of no avail. A few miles away, at the foot of a mountain, the tracks suddenly ended. Everyone was completely baffled. Jim Crandall was wild with rage. Nothing like this had ever been known in the history of the West. Evidently some master rustler was scourging the country; however it was peculiar, since no cattle had disappeared from any of the other ranches. Finding that it was useless to try to trace the cattle further, they turned back and started home.

"What's that?" asked the foreman as they topped the last hill.

"It looks like smoke," Tige exclaimed excitedly.

"It is," shouted Crandall. "Boys, the barns and the house are on fire." He drove the spurs cruelly into his horse's flanks and tore out across the plain. Everyone followed, whipping and spurring their horses wildly, save the stranger. It was now that he showed his skill as a horseman.

It was the general assumption of all the punchers that he had the slowest horse on the ranch. He had been the butt of their laughter as a "chicken-heart" because he very seldom spurred her, and then lightly. Now as he leaned over her neck and whispered to her, little Bess responded gallantly. With neck arched, ears flat on her head,

tail streaming, she sped by them one by one, until, after running neck and neck with Crandall's horse, she drew away from all of them and arrived at the fire a full quarter of a mile in the lead.

"Lord A'Mighty," muttered Brick half aloud. "Look at that man ride. There was only one man ever rode like that, and that man was old Panther Riley. Ah! I have it now. It's him that this boy reminded me of right at first. I wonder—No, it can't be—Old Panther's kid was surely drowned eighteen years ago, up in Wyoming."

When they got to the fire it was too late. Everything was burned to the ground. It was clearly evident that someone had set the fire.

The stranger was standing in front of one of the barns with his horse's nose in his hand, watching the licking flames. On his face was the smile of an artist, who, satisfied with his work, steps back and surveys it with a smile.

Crandall was in a towering rage. The smile on the stranger's face was maddening; he grasped him by the shoulder and whirled him about.

"What are you laughing about, damn you!" he roared. "It isn't funny. Don't you see I'm a ruined man?"

"Jim Rowell," quietly replied the stranger, "you are a ruined man; but no more than you deserve to be. Think of the lives that you have ruined. Look at me! Do you know me? Have you ever seen me before? Do you remember when you pushed a little boy, only seven years old, into a raging river?"

The supposed Crandall's hand flew to his gun; then dropped to his side as if paralyzed. His eyes bulged with terror.

For the smiling stranger had suddenly turned into a beast. His partly closed eyes were seething balls of fire, and a deep-throated cry like the whine of a Panther came from his snarling lips. His right arm was tensely crooked, so that the tips of his fingers were touching the butt of his gun. Every puncher in the West knew those snarling lips and that crooked arm before the draw.

"My God," Crandall whispered hoarsely, "The Panther!"

"Yes, the Panther," snarled the stranger. "Panther Riley's son; the child that you would have robbed him of, after ruining him financially through one of your many dastardly swindling schemes. You were not satisfied with that! With your lying, oily tongue you took from him all that life held dear—my mother. You took me with you. You were a cunning dog. You put me behind you on your horse, and when we came to the river ford you sent my mother over ahead; then you pushed me into the swollen river, and told her I fell in. You thought you had rid yourself of me; but that was only the beginning of your end.

Old McCarthy's dog saw me sweeping down the river and swam out and fastened his big, strong teeth into my coat. He towed me to shore, and then went for old Mac.

"Six months later, when my father had given up the search for you and returned, Old Mac turned me over to him. He was very bitter. He kept many of your pictures about the house, and taught me to hate you bitterly, as the one who had ruined our happiness, and stolen my mother. He taught me to ride and shoot, even better than he could. By the time I was fifteen, my only ambition was to find my mother and bring her home.

"Then my father died and left me to shift for myself. I traced you to Alaska, only to find that you had gone back to the States. It was there that I found out the cruel death you dealt my mother, you damnable cur! This terrible news turned me into a slinking beast of prey, and so for ten long years, Jim Rowell, I've silently stalked you as a panther stalks his prey. I followed you here—I followed you there—I followed you everywhere. Always too late, until four years and a half ago, I stumbled on to this ranch, your last retreat. Two years before I came here to work and six months after, I spent planning for just this scene. I stole your cattle. I fired your barns and your house. You danced and you paid the piper—the principal. Now you'll pay the interest—you hound of hell! Pull your six-gun, and fight like a man; or I'll shoot you down like a dog."

Two guns flashed in the sunlight. A shot rang out in the still noon air and Crandall's gun fell from his hand. "Now, damn you!" Then another shot, and Crandall swayed and fell.

The stranger sprang to his horse and away they sped. The punchers, true to their boss to the last, sprang for their horses, but Crandall's feeble voice restrained them. "Boys," he said as they gathered around him, "what he says is true. I deserve what I got. You'd be foolish to chase him, for he'd kill everyone of you. It is the right of his heritage—and God's justice, I'm sure." He quivered for a second, then shuddered, gasped, and lay still.

Far out on the plain a little bay horse rared up on her hind legs. Her rider wore a large, black Stetson hat and a purple scarf around his neck. His lips were drawn back in a hideous snarl. He resembled more closely a beast than a man. He turned half around in his saddle, threw back his head, and gave vent to a long, blood-curdling cry.

At the ranch the boys still stood around Crandall with bowed heads. Suddenly they started, and raised their heads. What was that?

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They listened intently—then shuddered. From far out on the plain came again, faintly at first, then plainly—the death cry of the panther.
—Clair Keene

EARLY MORN IN THE RUSHES

The spell of solitude enveloped all. In the distance, through the hazy light, the faint outlines of a farm house could be seen. Slowly, coming from some hidden place, as though a painter had lightly touched his brush against the hazy blue, a streak of rose trailed across the sky. The barnyard kings began to sound their morning call, and a spiral of curling blue smoke was wafted on its way to the clouds. A cool breeze springing up, gently bowed the rushes, and the little waves, rippling among the reeds, played a laughing tune. Then, as the golden rays slanted across the swaying carpet of green, some ducks slid gracefully into the water. As they reached the middle of the stream a low whistle sounded; up came every head, and then—a shot rang out in the clear air. With the shot, life began in earnest. The cheery whistle of the chore boy was carried to us on the morning breeze, a motor boat sleepily chugged its way around the bend, and from over the plains came the sound of a train as it hurled itself out of a tunnel and rushed wildly on its way.

—Ellen Jacobson

RELIGION

What is religion? A glance at a book?
At the pages of History a worshipful look?
To read of the heroes that lived before,
And purged their souls with heathen gore?
To read of Creation with faulty start,
And Crucifixion that touches the heart?
To go to church and confess all sin
To priest, that pagan is within?
Or to gaze at the stars in the firmament
Until worship itself is within you pent?
To look at the myriad thousands of suns,
Each with their worlds like a trailing of nuns?
To know that each star that you see there above
Must be an expression of Heavenly love?
And to know on those planets, are others than we,
When the spirit has taught what the eye cannot see?
—Florence Roe

THE BUILDING OF THE RAFT

One summer day a group of boys were sitting upon a pile of old boards and planks in George's back yard. They had just returned from church, and were dressed in their Sunday clothes.

They were discussing many varying stories, among them the story of Noah's Ark. All were deeply engrossed in the subject, when Tom jumped up and cried:

"Our Sunday school teacher told us that the flood came upon the people suddenly, and that everyone was drowned but Noah and his family. Now what would we do it it should rain for forty days and forty nights. I think we had better begin now and build an Ark."

"I will go and borrow a hammer and some nails from my father, if he is not at home," said Bill; and George suggested that they could use the wood they were sitting on to build the Ark, if they would carry it down to the lake.

They made everything ready and had assembled the Ark in the form of a raft capable of holding from ten to fifteen persons, when George asked: "Where are we going to get the animals to put on the Ark?"

Tom suggested that they get two chickens from a neighboring yard; Jack added that he would go home and look in the mouse-trap. George went home to get his dog, while Bill's little brother came tagging behind Bill, dragging the family cat.

"No need to worry about fleas; there are plenty on the cat," cried Bill.

Finally the boys started to push away from the shore, when Jack was seen running toward the raft. He was the one who had promised the mice, and who was now fulfilling that promise in the shape of a cage containing two dead mice and a very dead rat.

He placed his mice on the Ark; then started to board it. But Tom pushed him off, saying there was no room left. Soon the Ark was moving stately down the pond, quite unconcerned with Jack's angry cries from the shore. All went well until it was discovered that Bill's cat was eating the mice. It was then that the Ark rocked for several moments.

When everyone became quiet, George said: "Make ready for a voyage of forty days and forty nights." At this moment Bill's little brother said, "Mama won't let me stay out that late."

Tom lost his temper and said: "Bill, why can't you keep your brother at home, where he belongs. I don't see why he has to tag after you all the time."

"That's all right," answered Bill. "I can manage my brother

without your help." With that he pushed Tom into the shallow pond, at the same time tipping the raft over.

For several minutes turmoil reigned supreme. Nothing could be heard but the growling of the dog the flapping of wings, and the splashing of water.

Needless to say, the boys arrived at home that evening, a wet and bedraggled crew; only to meet the worst that was yet to come.

—Cedric H. White

THE PRICELESS PIE

Mawnin' Rastus. How is yo' all?" asked a voice which apparently belonged to a colored man.

"Oh, Ah'se gettin' 'long fine. How's dat chicken pie yo' done made yeste'day?" This, too, came from a colored man.

"Um, niggah, dat pie's de best piece of dinnah Ah's done goin' hab fo' long time," replied the first speaker. The subject of the pie was evidently very appealing, for he smacked his lips, rolled his eyes first one way and then the other, at the same time rubbing his stomach.

"Um humm," said Rastus, a sort of longing look creeping into his eyes. "Say, Robert Lee Morgan Washington Lincoln Pershin' Wilson, Ah wants ter ask yo' jes' one ting—How much yo' take fo' dat pie?"

"Um, niggah, Ah wouldn' paht wiff dat pie fo' de wuld." Then seeing the longing look in Rastus' eye, he said, evidently with an effort: "Rastus, Ah jes' kin see dat yo' want dat pie, an' Ah'll make a ba'gain wiff yo'. Ah'll gib yo' dat pie fo' dat li'l ol' Fawd o' youah's."

"Sol!" yelled Rastus. "Um, niggah, dat pie's mine. Ah kin done taste it a'ready."

—Leonard Phillips

ON FLANDERS FIELDS

In the strong moonlight

With his face all white,

In his own red blood he lay

And a something shot

From the stagnant spot,

That left only reeking clay.

—F. R.

THE IKEY AND DUTCHY SERIES

The Innocence of Ikey

Said Dutch one day, "I wonder
Where all my books have fled.
I'll give that Ikey thunder;
I'll punch him in the head."

So off he went on murder bent,
Still muttering of his woes.
"I'll hit his head an awful dent;
I'll trample on his toes."

At last on Ikey, Dutchie came;
His bloody dagger drew.
And Ikey did the deed disclaim,
As you and I might do.

Then Windy on the scene appeared,
On Bransford threw the blame;
Dutch glared about with eyeballs bleared,
On Ikey turned with shame.

The Dutchman said with shame.
"I'm sorry, Ike," with voice that shook,
"But when a guy has lost his book,
He really ain't to blame."

A Tennis Game

Once to Ike, Dutch did propose,
That to the courts they should retire,
And straight an argument arose
That stirred both parties unto ire.

Dutch and Ike both sought one court,
And finally a coin they spun.
Ike proved himself a thorough sport
When the toss his rival had won.

Ikey served a mighty serve,
Which right upon the line did light.
Dutch claimed that it outside had curved,
And then, at once, began the fight.

Joe and Windy watching stood,
And added pitch unto the fire.
Ike said: "That serve was really good."
The Dutchman said: "You are a liar."

"I'm a fool to play with you."
Ike and the Dutchman said the same.
Both from the court at once withdrew,
Oh—nevermore to play the game.

Dutchie's Revenge

Said Dutch one day, "That doggone Jew
Has copped my pencil clip.
I'll bet, by gosh, the deed he'll rue;
He's getting too darned flip."

So off Dutch went on Ikey's trail,
And at last the culprit found.
Said Dutch: "I'll hit his finger nail;
I'll put him under ground."

Then Ike's watch chain the Dutchman hooked,
And Ike was mad for fair.
In all his pockets Ikey looked,
But Dutch had it in his hair.

Ike finally the search gave up,
Amid Doc's laughing jeers.
Ike said: "You dirty old hound pup,
I'll keep this clip for years."

Soon old Dutch the watch chain lost;
Ike said in mighty tones,
"Twill surely be no trifling cost."
Now Dutch is out three bones.

—Bowdoin Kemp

EGRESSUS

The sun dropped in a lurid sky,
Cleaving a pit in the cloud
That lightly covered the shining orb,
Enveloping like a shroud.
A yellow light shone through the air,
And the wind was a gasping breath,
Things had a baleful, ghastly glare
That made me think of Death.
The saffron glare pervaded all.
Scarce shadow could be cast;
Was the wan sun dying behind that cloud?
Behind that deathlike mask?
The sky that hung in the atmosphere
Was a pallid, yellow blue,
And everything that was under the sky
Reflected the hideous hue.
Birds flapped about in the air and mocked
In a piteous, dirgelike song,
And I knew as I looked at the hollow sun
That Nature or I had gone wrong.

—Florence Roe

"DINK" AND "TOOTS"

She is fair to see, and a sweet,
Dainty lass from head to feet.
"Toots" they call her. Can't you guess?
Who her beau is? Now, confess.
"Dink" of course! You surely know.
Now, who else could be her beau?
For just two years they've gone together
In either fair or stormy weather.
And O! his kisses when he leaves her,
Linger long, and how they please her—
O, love is strong with lads and lasses,
Especially in the upper classes.

—Lena Vogel

AN IF FOR BOYS

If you can come to school each bright new morning,
With happy smile, and have your problems worked,
If you can look on others without scorning,
Because, as usual, they forgot, and shirked;
If you can work in school hours, play at leisure,
And be a good friend to your schoolmates, too,
You'll be a boy whom everyone will treasure,
And make a noble man when you are through.

If you can take athletics with your school work,
And yet, not make such things your whole delight,
If you can run, and play, and learn to hurdle,
And yet, keep up your work with all your might;
If you can win some medals for your track work,
And yet, win praises for your class work, too;
You'll be a boy whom everyone will honor,
And make a noble man when you are through.

If you can take your seat at graduation,
And know that you have done the best you could;
If you have tried to lay a firm foundation,
And know that all your work has been for good;
If you can leave your place with biggest honors,
And feel your efforts have not been in vain,
You've made a man whom everyone will honor,
And through your work you'll see what you have gained.

—Lena Vogel





DRAMATICS



"Everygirl," the first play this term, was presented in the auditorium, October 8, 1920. This play had one of the largest casts ever staged at Armijo. The cast consisted of fifty-two characters, and there were five scenes. The Glee Club gave selections, under the direction of Mrs. Cadman. Neal Magnus arranged the lights, and Ellen Miller staged the beautiful scenery.

The cast was as follows: Everygirl, Clara Waugh; Everyboy, Clair Keene; Cowardice, Burnell Greene; Vanity, Florence Roe; Envy, Mayme Koch; Greed, Carlyle Miller; Temptation, Virgil Boudreau; Vulgarly, Christina Lorenzen; Murder, Ralph Prather; Old Age, Bowdoin Kemp; Death, Cedric White; Fame, Dorothea Severson; Fun, Ellie Mullen; Spirit of Maidenhood, Blanche Catling; Dreams, Vivian Dunker; Dream Maidens, Ruth Finney, Elvie Witt, Marie Vann, Bernice Catling, Freda McGeorge, Mildred Finch; Dream Knights, Walter Gordon, Malcolm Davisson, Wilbur Finch, Ward Morrill, Thomas Harvey; Knight of Maiden Dreams, Walter Goosen; Life, Lucille Jones; Womanliness, Hazel Burdick; Generosity, Idelle Hironymous; Purity, Beryl Webster; Hope, Grace Burdick; Despair, Isabel Neitzel; Humanity, Evelyn Blacklock; Mercy, Margaret Jensen; Justice, Hazel Mattson; Endeavor, Gaines Dinkelspiel; Hypocrisy, Orrin Finch; Courage, Neal Magnus; Dream Children, Ivan Loomis and Howard Roland; Children of the Poor, Robert Kerr, Adele Everett, Howard Mason; Dancing Maidens, Ione Reams Eleanor Weitz, Anabelle Weber, Annis Christler, Elaine Webster, Katherine Neitzel, Carrie Jensen, Freda Wright.

The Story as it Goes

Everygirl and Everyboy were tempted by the Vices and were led down thorny paths. But Courage and Hope were ever near, with Truth and Purity. Everygirl and Everyboy were guarded by their true friends, The Virtues, down that endless path of life to sweet old age.

Page Thirty-Eight

The students of Armijo appropriately observed November 11, Armistice Day, when the pupils and faculty prepared and rendered a two-hour program. Both Crystal and Fairfield grammar schools were present. Addresses and recitations were given by Douglas White, Marie Vann, Lena Vogel, and Marvin Loomis. Pleasing numbers were given by the Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs. Wilbur Woods, who served on the East and West coasts, in the Naval Reserve Corps, gave an interesting address. D. A. Weir gave a talk in behalf of the ex-soldiers.

An Armistice Day pageant, in three acts, was given by members of the Student Body, under the direction of Miss Davis. The characters were: Uncle Sam, Belgium, French and United States soldiers, Red Cross nurses, and Salvation Army.

Lincoln's and Washington's birthdays were duly celebrated by the students of Armijo, assembling in the auditorium. Mr. Dickey gave an interesting address on Lincoln's birthday. Mr. Jones freshened our minds about that honorable man, George Washington.

During Armijo Week, the Dramatic Club entertained at 3 o'clock Tuesday. All desiring to see the play paid ten cents at the door of the auditorium. "Ted" White welcomed the audience. Then the curtain rose on the play entitled "Did the Girl Do it?" I guess she did, for the noble hero certainly lost his head.

The play was written by Ellen Miller and Lena Vogel. The former coached the play and arranged the beautiful scenery. Those taking part were: Mrs. Sparrow, Ruth Finney; Miss Sparrow, Freda McGeorge; Hero Tramp, Marvin Loomis; Tramps, "Doug" White, Clarence Wittke, Barney Bryan, Robert Harlan, Robert Kerr.

On March fourth, in order to celebrate Arbor Day, a program was given in the auditorium at 2:30. Esther Bailard and Douglas White spoke, and the Glee Club favored with songs. The State Gardener,

William Vortreid, spoke to the students and parents of Armijo of beautifying the school grounds.

An entertainment was given under the auspices of the Armijo Parent-Teacher Association, in the high school auditorium, Friday evening, April 22, 1921. The proceeds of this entertainment were used to purchase back and side curtains for the stage, which were badly needed.

Program, Part I—Fairfield Chamber of Commerce Quartet, "Little Puff of Smoke," Fred M. Howard, Lorin White, Eugene C. Stowe, Dr. H. V. Clymer. Piano solo, "Rigoletti," Miss Dorothy Young. "Carry Me Back to Old Virginia," and "There Was a Tack," High School Boys' Glee Club. Accordion and bone duet, A. W. Engell and A. H. Smith. Intermission of five minutes.

Swift and Carrillo's orchestra played a number of selections. Mr. Bray raffled off a cake, made and presented by Mrs. Charles E. Mayfield, for \$17.50. Mr. Sternberg received the lucky number, and auctioned it for \$17.75.

Program, Part II—"The Florist Shop," a comedy playlet in one act. Cast of characters: Maude, the shopkeeper, young and fairly good looking, her voice laden with sympathy, Margaret Connelly; Slovosky, the middle-aged Jewish proprietor of the shop, Robert Harlan; Henry, an ordinary, tough office boy about 16—He is, in spite of his invulnerable exterior, impressionable, Ellie Mullen; Miss Wells, a timid, talkative, faded-flower spinster, who loves orchids, Blanche Catling; Mr. Jackson (Miss Wells' sweetheart) the tight-wad—he has been engaged to Miss Wells for fifteen years, and it has taken a near-tragedy to jar him, "Ted" Emmington.

Highland Fling, Winona Duren and Evelyn Sheldon. Fairy Dance and Pipes o' Pan, Francis Hilborn and Shirley Reams. Solo by Mrs. Beryl L. Gregg, accompanied on the piano by J. R. Chadbourne, Jr. Japanese Dance, Winona Duren and Evelyn Sheldon. "Shoogy Shoo," and "Dickery Dock," High School Girls' Glee Club.

"The Importance of Being Earnest"

The play chosen by the Senior Class for this year is Oscar Wilde's well-known drama, "The Importance of Being Earnest." It is a play on the word "Ernest." John Worthing (Robert Rye) has an imaginary brother in the city who is always getting into trouble. This affords him an excuse to go to the city quite often. There he passes as Ernest.

Algernon Moncrieff (Donald Smith) is a friend of Jack's. He has invalid friend, Bunbury, in the country, who has exceptionally poor health. His friend, Bunbury, always gives Algy a chance to go to the country whenever his aunt gives a party.

Dr. Chasuble (Earl Goosen) is the minister, who is in love with Miss Prism, but is very much afraid of her.

Cecily Cardew (Jane Christler) is Jack's ward, and lives on Jack's country estate. Algy, learning Jack's address, goes there as brother Ernest and falls in love with Cecily.

Gwendolyn Fairfax (Adey Wing) is a London society bud. She falls in love with Jack because his name is Ernest.

Lady Bracknell (Isabel Neitzel) is a very stately society matron who is always trying to get into just the "right class." If your name wasn't on the "right class" list, you were nobody.

Miss Prism (Ellen Jacobson) is the governess of Cecily. Her chief aim in life is to get the minister married.

Merriam (Eldridge Strong), is Cecily's butler.

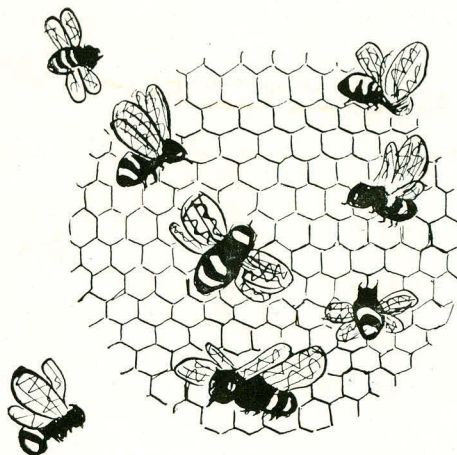
Lane (Eldridge Strong) is Algy's man servant.

The play is full of good lines, with a fund of humor and wit which will keep the audience in hysterics throughout the whole performance.

Last year, Miss Mary Jean Davis organized the Dramatic Society of Armijo. All the members decided to have pins, to let those who didn't belong know Armijo had some talent. When school opened this year the students decided to continue this organization, and met to elect officers. "Ted" White was elected president, and he has proven a worthy one. Our secretary-treasurer, Blanche Catling, has taken in considerable this term from the numerous plays given by this society.

—Hazel Burdick





ORGANIZATIONS

STUDENT BODY

We cannot say for the Student Body, as we can for the other organizations, that it is new, for it is the oldest, and the basis of all the other organized groups of the school. It is, however, the one body which has charge of the school affairs as a whole, and as such has superior power in student jurisdiction.

The following students were the presiding officers during the first half of the term: President, Herbert Roland; Vice-President, Genevieve Goodell; Secretary, Beryl Webster; Yell Leader, Clemence McGinty.

Herbert Roland was elected boys' delegate to the Solano County Athletic League, and Mildred Mason, girls' delegate. Roland was later elected president of the S. C. A. L.

Shortly after Christmas, a convention of Student Body presidents was held at Santa Ana, and Roland was sent as our delegate. The new ideas for organization and efficiency that he brought from this convention were received with much interest by the students and the following new officers, who were in control when he returned: President, Clemence McGinty; Vice-President, Ruby Brady; Secretary, Dorothea Severson; Yell Leader, John Cannon.

Adey Wing was elected aid to the May queen at Dixon on May day.

We have had some very exciting Student Body meetings, when much interest in topics discussed has been taken by the students. It is these discussions that show our school spirit. The faculty members

enter into the discussions, too, and heartily cooperate with the students in the solving of all problems.

GIRLS' LEAGUE

This new organization was started recently by the girls of the student body, who decided to improve the interior of the school, and make it a more attractive place to study in. At the first meeting the following officers were elected: President, Margaret Connelly; Vice-President, Idelle Hironymous; Treasurer, Katherine Neitzel.

Our first problem was that of establishing a permanent fund for the desired improvements. The nickel dances which we gave on Thursday noons, together with one for the school and community in general, netted us quite a neat sum. With this money we were enabled to purchase two beautiful, large ferns, to be put in the study hall; then, with the addition of a few pictures, and a little later on, fine linen shades trimmed with conventional dark cretonne, for the electric lights, we made our assembly hall quite a pleasant one. The shades, which were hung with dark silk cords, were made by the girls with the help of Miss Boeskin, the sewing teacher.

Our first great interest for next term will be the improvement of the girls' basement, where the curtains of the play room and dressing rooms will be dyed and applied a bright color. Light blue furniture,

which will be made by the manual training class and painted by the girls, will be added, and other additions will be made to give it a more homelike atmosphere.

The main policy of the Girls' League is to keep our school looking as attractive, clean, neat, and pretty as possible.

GIRLS' GLEE CLUB

We can safely say that this club has been a success, due to the fact that interest and enthusiasm in it have never waned. Under the efficient leadership of Mrs. Cadman, our music teacher, we have learned to hold four parts, and have appeared at all the school entertainments, as well as on several of the community programs.

At the beginning of the term, Geraldine Trainor, our accompanist, was elected president, and Edna Burrell, secretary. Geraldine's station is at the piano, while Edna's is with pencil and book, calling the roll. We have singing four days a week, from twelve to twelve-thirty o'clock, and, if our work is satisfactory, at the end of the term we will be given one-half a credit.

The public, with its applause, has shown its appreciation of our efforts, for it takes real effort to make anything a success. We hope to do our very best singing on commencement night, when we will sing at the graduation exercises. Many of the Glee Club girls will graduate in June, but those who remain expect to continue this work next term.

BOYS' GLEE CLUB

The Boys' Glee Club is as deserving of mention as the Girls', for they, too, have been working faithfully; and they have appeared at all the school entertainments. When first organized, they were quite zealous, and elected Claire Keene for president. Before Christmas, some of the boys dropped out, but after the vacation, others came in to fill up the ranks, and now they have a good, harmonious chorus. The boys practice four days a week, in the morning before school, and will be given one-half a credit for satisfactory work.

The Boys' and Girls' Glee Clubs have added more life and spirit to Armijo, and we hope that there will be permanent classes throughout the future, and will be a part of the school's daily routine.

WELFARE CLUB

A number of the boys and girls who are interested in welfare work formed this society, and have tried to make the lives of the less fortunate ones happy, by sending them cheerful letters, flowers, and fruit, and by visiting them. At the beginning of the term the following

officers were elected: President, Esther Bailard; Secretary-Treasurer, Irma Sternberg.

With a good president as leader, and Miss Davis, our English teacher, as adviser, we have been able to give a number of programs at the county hospital. Those of the club who have taken advantage of the visiting hours have derived as much pleasure from the visits as the patients have. Certain members of the club are appointed by the president to send letters relating to life at school, to the scholars who are too ill to attend. In this way we keep them in touch with school affairs.

It is the duty of all members of the club to see that all books, erasers, and papers are kept in the proper places, and to respect and uphold the ideals of the school.

DEBATING CLUB

A new activity, debating, was scheduled on our program of entertainments for this year; and we are proud to say that Freshmen, as well as Sophomores and Seniors, were represented on the various teams. Although we won no great honors, we proved that there were students in our school who were perfectly capable of discussing important political questions. The first team was as follows: Affirmative, Eldridge Strong and Wallace Bransford; Negative, Robert Rye and Douglas White.

At first, none of the girls had courage enough to try for the team, but when the second try-outs were held, two upper-class girls were present, and made such good speeches that they were put on the second team. It was as follows: Affirmative, Eldridge Strong and Esther Bailard; Negative, Robert Rye and Ellen Jacobson.

This form of diversion is as enjoyable as it is necessary to one's education; for to become good citizens we must be able to understand and discuss the important current topics. We hope that this work will be kept up, and that greater interest in it will be shown by the students next term.



SOCIETY



FRESHMAN RECEPTION

We started our social ball rolling this year. The first party we planned was the Freshman Reception, thus welcoming the Freshies to their alma mater.

We changed the custom a bit this year. Instead of the Freshies entertaining us with the usual initiation stunts we strove to entertain them. Games were played in the gym and the different rooms for those who didn't dance. Refreshments were served in the cooking room during the latter part of the evening. For the first time in years probably, the Freshmen went home well pleased with their welcoming party.

SENIOR PARTY

The Seniors were next to follow with a social dancing party, given in the assembly hall of the high school. Music was provided so there were no complaints to be made about having to play. Everyone seemed to have a good time and the party broke up at the usual hour.

BASKETBALL GAMES

During the basketball season various teams came here to play. Each class in turn entertained them with a feed, followed by a dance given in the gym. These feeds were all a credit to the classes, but as usual, the Seniors gave something better.

GIRLS' LEAGUE PARTY

The Girls' League delighted our new gym by giving a dance. The gym was artistically decorated with blossoms and ferns, and all those who came pronounced the evening a great success. Much credit is due to our new organization, the Girls' League.

SENIOR LUNCHEON

The Seniors, needing a little more money in our treasury, resolved to try our old custom of giving a luncheon. Promptly at noon the doors were opened and a steady stream of boarders were admitted. We obtained quite a neat sum, which was put away with the rest for our final gift to the school.

JUNIOR LUNCHEON

The Juniors followed our example and strove to add to their treasury by giving an elaborate bean feed, which would have been quite successful if the beans had been cooked. Casting no slams on the Juniors, we venture to say they did their best.

P. T. A. ENTERTAINMENT

One of the most successful and most enjoyable social events of the season was the Parent-Teacher Association entertainment, given to raise money for the curtaining of our "Little Theatre."

Early in the evening the P. T. A. was assisted by the grammar schools, high school and the Fairfield Chamber of Commerce, in the entertainment given in the auditorium. Following this the ladies of the Wednesday Club served supper in the cooking room. The American Legion kindly offered their services during the evening by conducting a dance in the gym.

The proceeds of the evening went to buy our very elegant curtains, which are now ready of the Senior play and commencement exercises.

JUNIOR PARTY

The annual class party was given by the out-of-town classmen, in the Wednesday Club, this year. Only members of the class were invited and it is reported as having been a success.

SOPHOMORE LUNCHEON

The Sophomores gave a luncheon in the cooking room for the purpose of raising money, which was used to give the Seniors a weenie bake.

WEENIE BAKE

Although the clouds looked threatening, the two classes started for McWilliam's bridge in large auto trucks filled with hay. Many were the hay battles during the ride, but we all arrived there safely. Large fires were built and amidst songs and laughter we all feasted on roasted weenies and buns.

EIGHTH GRADE RECEPTION

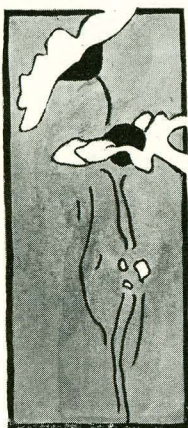
The eighth graders of Armijo district, and their parents, were invited to the high school on May 19. After a short program in the auditorium

they were invited to the cooking room for cake and tea. The purpose of this was to acquaint them with their future classrooms, classmates, and teachers.

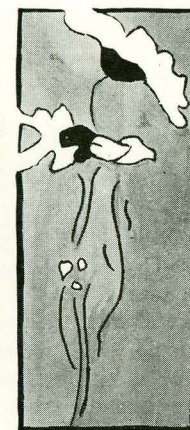
JUNIOR PROM

Last but not least, the Juniors are planning to give the Seniors the annual prom in Majestic Hall. This dance will be the largest and most elaborate social event of the year.





EXCHANGES



The exchanges this year have been a great source of enjoyment to all fortunate enough to have an opportunity to read them, and a great inspiration to the editors of our own "La Mezcla."

We have listed below the exchanges we received this year, and we hope they will call again next year.

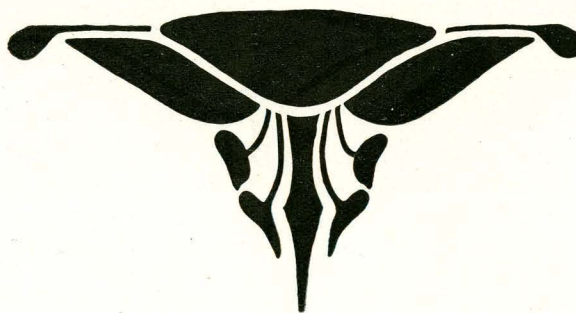
Annuals—Petaluma High, "Enterprise"; Woodland High, "Ilex"; Esparto High, "Dawn"; Lodi High, "Tokay"; Marysville High, "Yuba"; Colusa High, "Colus"; Winters High, "Poppy"; Vacaville High, "Ulati"; Rio Vista High, "Netherlands"; Davis Farm School, "Farm Rodeo"; Napa High, "Napanee"; St. Helena High, "Far Darter," 1921; Alhambra High, "Torch"; Oroville High, "Alpha";

Ames (Iowa) High, "The Spirit"; Whitefish High, "Alforja"; Orland High, "Copa De Ora"; Elk Grove High, "Elk"; Modoc High, "Modoc"; Armstrong School for Private Secretaries, "Wastebasket"; English Club, Incorporated, of the University of California, three copies.

School papers—Petaluma High, "Enterprise Monthly"; Pasadena High, "High School Chronicle"; Davis Farm, "Agricola"; University High, Oakland, "U and I"; Ames (Iowa) High, "The Spirit."

Special numbers—Ames (Iowa) High, "The Spirit," Valentine number.

—Robert Rye



Girls' Basket Ball Team



Miss Vada Vernon, (coach); Mayme Koch (substitute forward), Isabel Neitzel (substitute forward), Katherine Neitzel (substitute center), Inezelle Hironymous (side center), Mildred Mason (guard, manager), Elvie Witt, (forward), Ellen Murphy (touch center), Ruby Brady (guard, captain), Idelle Hironymous (forward), Ellen Jacobson (substitute guard).

Girls' Sports

GIRLS' TENNIS

When our annual goes to press the league tennis tournaments will not yet have been held, but from the number of girls seen on the courts, they seem to be giving more time to tennis than in any other year, and their playing portends a successful season.

Those who make up the tennis team are: Irma Sternberg, singles; Leah Shively and Geraldine Trainor, doubles; and Betty Needham, substitute.

A practice tournament was held with Vacaville. This was before the team had tried out. Genevieve Goodell played the singles and lost. Leah Shively and Irma Sternberg played the doubles and came out victorious.

Another practice tournament was held with Rio Vista. Irma Sternberg, the Sophomore champ, was the victor in the singles, but Betty Needham and Geraldine Trainor had bad luck in the doubles. The mixed doubles were also won by Rio Vista.

GIRLS' BASEBALL

The first league game of girls baseball was played Saturday, May 7. The game was staged at Dixon. By snappy playing and combined teamwork, we brought home the victory with a score of 18 to 10.

Evelyn Blacklock was chosen captain of Armijo's valiant nine, with Idelle Hironymous as manager. The team was as follows: Ruby Brady, catcher; Evelyn Blacklock, pitcher; Ellen Jacobson, first base; Inezelle Hironymous, second; Idelle Hironymous, third; Elvie Witt, right field; Mary Borges, center; Gladys Yatsie, left; Grace Burdick, short; Blanche Catling and Mayme Koch, substitutes.

Armijo was scheduled to play Vallejo on May 14, but failed to put in appearance, and the game was forfeited to Armijo. In the game with Benicia, on May 21, Benicia won by a score of 16 to 9, after an interesting game played on our grounds.

GIRLS' BASKETBALL

This year, basketball reached the No. 1 place in the sports of

Armijo. We have taken our defeats with good grace and learned much from them. With the help of our coaches, Miss Marie Boss and Miss Vada Vernon, we were able to put up a good team, which we hope won a reputation of being fair and sportsmanlike.

Our first game was played at Benicia. The game was slow, but gave us an idea of the material we had. At the end of the basketball season the scores were: Benicia 6, Armijo 39; Winters 7, Armijo 43; Dixon 20, Armijo 22; Vallejo 10, Armijo 9; Vacaville 8, Armijo 30; Rio Vista 31, Armijo 35.

Although we did not win the championship, we feel that we have had a very successful season. We learned much from our defeats, and took our victories with great rejoicing.

GIRLS' LETTERS

One letter—Basketball: Isabel Neitzel, Mildred Mason, Ellen Murphy. Baseball: Gladys Yatsie, Grace Burdick, Mary Borges, Banchette Catling, Evelyn Blacklock. Tennis: Irma Sternberg, Geraldine Trainor, Leah Shively.

Two letters—Basketball and baseball: Idelle Hironymous, Inezelle Hironymous, Ruby Brady, Elvie Witt, Ellen Jacobson.

BOYS' LETTERS

Unlimited boys' letters—One letter. Basketball: D. Smith. Track: B. Greene, Magnus. Baseball: McGinty, Dinkelspiel, Boudreau, Seguin, John Soares. Tennis: Rye, O. Fry. Two letters—Basketball and baseball: Roland. Basketball and track: P. Neitzel, L. Neitzel W. Goosen. Basketball and Tennis: Strong.

One unlimited and one 120-pound—Baseball and basketball: English, C. Mullen, Turri. Two unlimited and one 120-pound—Baseball, basketball, 120-basketball: A. Wittke.

One letter, 120-pound—Basketball: Dunker, Emmington, Lynch, E. Mullen, R. Peterson. Two letters, 120-pound—Basketball and track: W. Gordon.

Total boys' letters and stars—Unlimited letters, 19; 120-pound letters, 6; large stars, 7; 120-pound stars, 4.

Total girls' letters and stars—Letters, 16; stars, 5.

Total boys' and girls—Large stars, 12; circle stars, 4; total, 16.

Personnel of Boys' Basketball Team



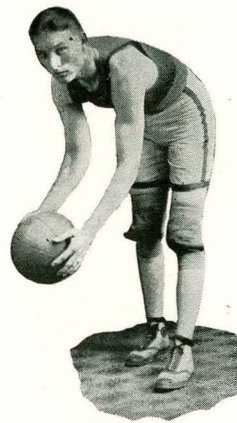
Don Smith (LF)
"Smiddy" was a good, clean player and a sure shot on short baskets. He was always trying, and had remarkable ability in handling the ball.



Lewis Neitzel (LG)
"Jim" was a good man at all positions on the team. He was a good guard. This was his first year on the squad and he sure filled McGinty's place with the ability of a veteran.



Herbert Roland (RF)
"Herb" was the right man for his position as captain, as this was his third year on the quintet. He was a good man at basket-shooting, and it takes a good man to stop him.



Walter Goosen (RG)
"Walt" was a good, peppery guard. He had his opponent at his mercy at all times. You must hand it to him for his hard but clean fighting.



Percy Neitzel (C)
"Perc" outjumped his opponent every time, and was always right where he was needed. He was a good basketball shooter, and always played with all he had.



Albert Wittke (Sub)
"Mike" played his best whenever the opportunity was his. He had the nerve and pep, but not the ability of the first string guards. We hope to see him on the squad next year.

BASKETBALL

We started in practicing as soon as we arrived at school. The prospects were bright for a good team, as we had three veterans of last year's quintet. Our new gym would not be finished in time for our league games and our practice was done on our old court, Majestic Hall. The days were cold and the hall was at a low temperature, so we didn't get much practice.

Our first league game was played at Benicia, on the fifteenth of October. We played a good game and came out on the long end of a fifty to seven score. Our teamwork was surprisingly good for the beginning of the season.

Our next league game was with Winters. Although we were badly crippled, we gave the Winters boys a good game. The game was a rough one, played in a little barn at Winters. Winters won by the close score of nineteen to fourteen.

The following week, on the second of November, we journeyed to Vallejo. The first half of the game we were leading by the score of 11 to 4, but in the last half, Vallejo rallied and made 12 points and won.

We played our best game of the season on the third of December. This game was with Vacaville and proved to be a thriller. The first half ended with the score of 13 to 9, in our favor. At the end of the fracas we were leading by a score of 28 to 20. Vacaville was confident

of a victory and brought a carload of rooters with them. We won, however, and Vacaville dropped out of first place.

We then played Esparto on the following week. After a fast game we were defeated. We were crippled in this game, for one of our regular forwards was out of the game. The score stood: Esparto 19, Armijo 16.

Our last league game of the season was played with Rio Vista, on our court. At the end of the first half we were leading by the score of 8 to 6, but the strain was too much and we weakened, Rio Vista taking the game.

Now that the league games were over we took a vacation for a week. We then came back strong. Our new gymnasium was now in excellent condition.

On the fourteenth of January we celebrated the opening of the gym by defeating Winters in a game that brought back the dear old football days. The score was 22 to 20.

We then took on the Alumni, St. Vincent's team of Vallejo, and the Benicia Athletic Club. We won all these games by large scores, thus having an unbroken string of victories in the new gym.

Our team was as follows: McGinty, Smith, and Roland, (captain), forwards; P. Neitzel, center; J. Neitzel and Goosen (manager), guards.

120-POUND BASKETBALL

This was the first time that we entered a 120-pound basketball team in the league. This being the first year, we lacked experience, but started the season successfully by defeating Benicia by a score 18 to 8.

The next league game was with Winters. It was played on her court and we were decisively beaten. The court being small, we were unable to find ourselves.

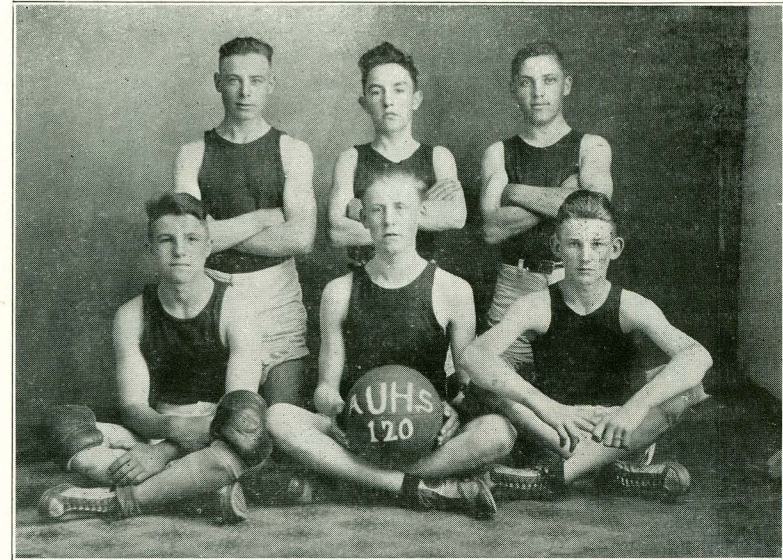
Our next league game was with Vallejo, at Vallejo, where we were trounced by the score of 20 to 8.

Our next game called for a tilt with Vacaville, on our own court. At the end of this game we found ourselves on the long end of the score. This game being no one's game until the whistle was blown.

We then celebrated our last game of the season by being defeated by Esparto by the score of 15 to 4.

We hope to be the class of the league next year and show our supporters that we have the makings of a first-class quintet.

—Herbert Roland



120-Pound Boys' Basketball Team—Walter Gordon, Ellie Mullen, Harold English, Clifford Mullen, Theodore Emmington, and Adelwyne Dunker.

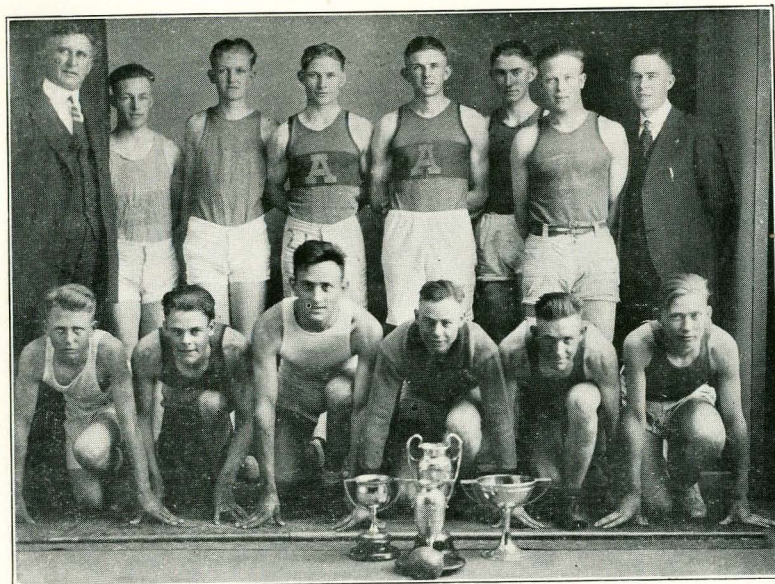
TRACK

Track took its usual place in athletics at Armijo this year. As the basketball season passed away, everyone was out for track. Much interest was taken, and as the season progressed some very good material was discovered. There are many likely prospects in the Freshman class. In the dual meets and at the S. C. A. L. meet, we brought home several medals. Percy Neitzel, our captain, was the chief point-winner for us. Jim Neitzel, Magnus, Strong, Green, Gordon, McGinty, Goosen and Wittke were point-winners on the team.

Baseball practice began the first of May, and after that the meet and most of the track interest was gone. However, we hope to make a good showing next year.

BOYS' TENNIS

Tennis was one of the major sports this year. Our team, Eldridge Strong, Robert Rye, and Orvin Fry, played some good games. The team could not get in much practice, due to various obstacles. We did not win any tournament, although we put up a good fight.



Boys' Track Team—Mr. Boudreau, Clemence McGinty, Burnell Green, Walter Goossen, Percy Neitzel, Lewis Neitzel, Herbert Roland, Mr. Kenyon, Reuben Peterson, Albert Wittke, Neal Magnus, Walter Gordon, Eldridge Strong, Ralph Prather.

BASEBALL

The call of the diamond affected the tossers of Armijo early in the spring. After the track meet was over, great interest was taken in the national game. Gaines Dinkelspiel was elected manager and Herbert Roland was elected captain of the team.

Under Mr. Boudreau's, our coach's, instructions, we started out with a squad of about thirty aspiring youngsters. Of this squad we had six veterans of last year's nine. This formed a nucleus in which we had to work around. We had a good battery, first baseman, third baseman, and a couple of good outfielders, who were sure of a berth on the team.

After a weeding-out process, picking the good from the poor prospects, we picked out a first and second team. Our second team afforded us good practice. We also got some good practice from some of the fellows around town, who came out to help put us in shape to capture the S. C. A. L. bunting.

We have a well-balanced team and hope to make a name for ourselves and for Armijo. We have a hard-hitting trio, represented in the outer gardens in Wittke, Seguin and Mullen. Our infield is the best in the league. Dinkelspiel holds down the initial sack; Boudreau looks after the keystone cushion; English takes care of the short patch; and Soares is stationed at the difficult corner. We have behind the log, McGinty, a seasoned receiver, who handles the twirlers in grand style. And on the mound we have two good slab artists in Roland and Turri. Mr. Boudreau, our coach, is always on the job, and has a new play for us at every practice.

On May seventh we played our first league game at Dixon. Dixon started off with a five-run lead in the first frame. The last eight innings of the game we gathered eleven runs and Dixon received a blank, so we came home with the first league game and a hold on the pennant. Score: Armijo 11, Dixon 5.

On May thirteenth we entertained Vallejo on our lot. This game was the crucial game of the league. The winner of this game would



Boys' Baseball Team—Harold English, Clemence McGinty, Waldec Seguin, Mr. Boudreau, Walter Goosen, Virgil Boudreau, James Turri, Clifford Mullen, Albert Wittke, Gaines Dinkelspiel, Herbert Roland.

lead the league. Vallejo used a southpaw on the mound, while Roland was on the firing line for Armijo. Vallejo showed signs of weakening toward the end of the game, and Armijo nicked the rubber for a total of nine runs, while the best Vallejo could do was four. The game ended nine to four, in favor of the purple and gold.

On May 21, Benicia was scheduled to journey to Armijo for our last league game of the S. C. A. L. The dope had it fixed that we would run away with the game and the pennant. But on the day before the game, word was sent that Benicia forfeited the game and it was off. Of course, we won the flag, but we did not have the satisfaction of winning the ball game by playing.

On May twenty-eighth we journeyed over to Napa to play the champions of Napa and Sonoma counties, which was St. Helena. This was the championship game of the three counties. After playing air-tight ball, we walloped the Saints by the score of 7 to 3. Juney, pitching for St. Helena, sent twelve of our batters to the bench by the strike-out route, while Roland, our pitcher, sent twenty to the bench by the same route. McGinty got two circuit drives, and taken as a whole, our boys played great ball. We journeyed homeward, convinced that we had the best nine in the league.

What Do You Know?

Weep, and you are called a baby;
 Laugh and you are called a fool.
 Yield, and you are called a coward;
 Stand, and you are called a mule.
 Smile, and they call you silly;
 Frown, and they call you gruff.
 Put on a front like a millionaire
 And somebody calls your bluff.

In Memory

His dark, rich blood flowed o'er my hand.
 In vain I tried to stop the flow.
 Somehow, I could not understand
 That now, at last, my friend must go.
 I held him close in agony,
 And thought of what a friend he'd been;
 Through all the days he'd worked with me
 —My dear old fountain pen.

—Miss Deal



Cast of the Senior play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," given on Wednesday evening, June 15—Earl Goosen, Isabel Neitzel, Robert Rye, Ellen Jacobson, Eldridge Strong, Jane Christler, Donald Smith, Adey Wing.

Alumni

To those who have before us gone; trod
the same hall; obeyed the same rule—Our best
to them, they who have passed out of school
life and into Life's school.

1915

Alda Rathbone—Deceased.
John Wilson—Working at Mare Island.
Marguerite Fisher—Berkeley.
Herbert Thomas—Working at San Francisco.
Mina Lockie—(Mrs. Noonan), Vallejo.
Herbert Woolner—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Claire Newman—(Mrs. McFall), Suisun Valley.
Earl Ellis—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Minnie Gibbons—San Francisco.
Leo Dunnell—Working at Martinez.
Mabel Vogel—Teacher, San Francisco.
Manford Rummelsburg—Working at San Francisco.
Nellie Neitzel—Civil service, Vallejo.
Warren Burrel—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Ina Campbell—(Mrs. Ridenhour), Ukiah.
John McCoey—Rancher, Watsonville.

1916

Frank Alexander—With S. P. at Benicia.
Thelma Brown—(Mrs. Atkinson), Berkeley.
Darwin Bryan—Attending Stanford.
Cecil Coffman—Working at San Francisco.
Francis Connelly—Teaching at Scandia.
Roma Ellis—At home.
James Garst—Attending college in the East.

Frank Haines—Working at Santa Rosa.
George Hay—Rancher, Fresno.
Kenneth Hopkins—With S. P., Suisun.
Hazel McMurray—(Mrs. Hopkins), Suisun.
Madelyn Lennahan—(Mrs. Davis) San Francisco.
Olive O'Neil—(Mrs. Williams) Colfax.
Silvester Pascal—College in Chicago.
Marcus Peterson—Working at San Francisco.
Lee Rathbone—At home near Fairfield.
Chester Roberts—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Della Sherbourne—Working at San Francisco.
Dorothy Sparks—(Mrs. Marcus Peterson) on
her honeymoon.
Carmen Williams—(Mrs. Wickham) Sacramento.
Wilbur Woods—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Dorris White—Teaching at Sacramento.

1917

Harold Compbel—Working at Oakland.
Mildred Bidstrup—Deceased.
George Brady—Attending U. of C.
Ernest Crowley—Attending U. of C.
Dorm Downing—Susanville.
Robert Garst—Attending college in Virginia.
Antone Gerevas—Working at Oakland.
Victor Goosen—Deceased.
Lloyd Grotheer—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Myrtle Lambrecht—Working in Fairfield.
Eaton McKay—Attending U. of C.
Ruth Morrill—(Mrs. Scott) San Francisco.
Charles Murphy—Working at Fairfield.
Lulu Neitzel—At home, Suisun Valley.

Giorgie Nelson—Working at San Francisco.
Lillian Shinkel—Working at Oakland.
Errol Sherbourne—Working at San Francisco.
Phyllis Whitby—Working in Fairfield.
Otis Burrell—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Cleetis Burrell—Attending Miss Barnard's
School, Berkeley.
Pearl Bryan—(Mrs. Yorton) Montana.

1918

Adeline Beck—At home, Suisun Valley.
Alma Beck—At home, Suisun Valley.
Beatrice Bransford—Teaching at Tolenas.
Isabel Compbel—Working at Oakland.
Alice Connelly—Working at Fairfield.
Arthur Garben, Bank clerk, Suisun.
Virginia Johnson—Working at Suisun.
Julia La Shelle—Teaching, San Jose Normal.
Dorothy McKay—Attending U. of C.
James McCoey—Rancher at Watsonville.
Lillian Mortensen—Assistant postmistress at
Fairfield.
Aileen Ridenhour—(Mrs. Edmonson) China.
Clayton Sarasin—Working at Mare Island.
Shirley Smith—Working at San Francisco.
Clement Tillman—Business in Suisun.
Augusta Torp—Working in Fairfield.
Elsie Turri—Working in Suisun.
Arvin Tuttle—Business in Vallejo.
Wilma Vennick—Teaching on Grisly Island.
Arthur Wittke—Working at Cement.
Roberta Wing—(Mrs. Staples), Fairfield.

1919

Edna Rinset—Attending U. of C.
Arthur Bailey—Working at Cement.
Isabel Bray—Attending U. of C.
Amy Brady—Teaching at Ryer Island.
Nellie Bryan—At home, Fairfield.
Edward Kemp—Attending U. of C.
Howard Goosen—Working in Fairfield.
Leslie Gordon—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Alta Hammond—(Mrs. Hammond), Oakland.
Olivia Hoyt—Attending U. of C.
Olive Greene—Working in Petaluma.

Amasa Morse—Attending U. of C.
Julian Morrison—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Charlotte Mayfield—At home, Suisun.
Jewel Roberts—Attending U. of C.
Mildred Pollard—At home, Suisun.
Mary Phillips—Attending U. of C.
Josephine Turri—Attending S. F. Normal.
Ellard Williams—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Rose Wilson—(Mrs. Hironymous), Fairfield.
Bernice Lang—Working at Suisun.
Elaine Swanson—Working at Fairfield.
Alfred Sparks—Working at Suisun.

Raleigh Peabody—At home, Vanden.
Chester Peterson—Rancher, Denverton.

1920

Albert Bransford—Working at Suisun.
LaVerne Dunker—Training as nurse, Stanford.
John Ferraro—At home, Tommison.
Viola Glusen—At home, Cordelia.
Vernon Mayhood—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Harvey Trailor—Rancher, Suisun Valley.
Don Wilson—Working at Vallejo.
Evelyn Woolner—At home, Suisun Valley.



JOKES





Senior Day



H Snap



Waiting



Ellie's Mermaid



Yes Dink!



Lookout Below



A Seagull



Freshmen Dumps



Oh Dear



Trying To Be
What She Aint



Well



Whos
Heart?



Deleium Tremens



Cordelia Specimens



Our Boss



Stop



Bareback Riders



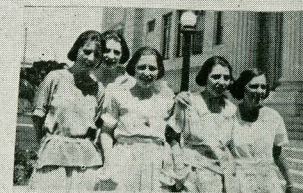
Eating As Kusai



Senior Bums



Harvey's



Senior Bumetts

THINGS WE CAN DO WITHOUT

Margaret Connelly's past??? present and future????

Bea Mayfield's charm???? on Vacaville boys.

Mildred's and Geraldine's secrets about their enjoyable trips to the Maryland Cafe, near Sacramento.

Evelyn W's pleading voice which she has to use when she wishes to go places and Don's not on deck.

Marion's finding out who rides in the Little Red Ford, when she's out of sight.

Muriel's talkative imagination.

Margaret Crowley's "La la."

Christina L's false information to those interested.

Idelle's knowing who her latest rival is in San Francisco.

Percy's daily visit with a certain "librarian."

Robert Rye's endeavor to gain a half interest in the Suisun Lumber Yard.

Bowdoin Kemp's "serpent shows" in the Study Hall.

Earl Goosen's loving ways around the girls?

Grace and Winston's tete-a-tete in the box office of the auditorium.

* * *

Gaines D.—On what grounds does your father object to me?

Muriel—On any grounds within a block of our house.

* * *

Mr. E.—Er—How many subjects are you carrying?

John Cannon—Why, I'm carrying one and dragging three.

Distinction

Mrs. Cadman, (in English)—Who was Schumann Heink?

Mary—A singer.

Mrs. Cadman—What kind.

Herbert—A female.

* * *

Mr. Everett, (in Economics)—Ralph, what is the problem of Gordon Valley dam site?

Ralph—What kind of a sight?

Mr. Everett—The dam site.

Ralph—Hah! Hah!

* * *

Gaines—If I kissed you would you scream?

Muriel—How could I?

* * *

Mr. Everett—Tell us about the burning of Washington (the city).

Don—I didn't know they cremated him.

* * *

Leaky Valve

Dot S.—Well, Babe, how's that plumber from Dixon?

Babe—He plumb suits me.

* * *

Mr. E. (in basketball game)—Two feet off the court, please.

Margie—Oh! Mr. Everett! What am I to stand on?

* * *

Young Mother Hubbard

Young Mother Hubbard went to the cupboard,

To get her bathing suit there;

Tho' she looked like a peach,

She was pinched at the beach,

Because her cupboard was bare.

THINGS SOME CAN'T DO WITHOUT

Herbert Roland can't do without his "Brunette Banker."

Genevieve can't do without a Dodge car and its driver.

George Wilson can't do without his habit of breaking hearts.

Betty can't do without being a fairy for the "Woods."

Clemence can't do without singing "Margie"

Babe Shively can't do without a "Carpenter."

Howard Mason can't do without ruffling his sister's temper.

Isabel can't do without a "Trailor."

Jim Neitzel can't do without the watchful eye of a "Senior."

Sadie Dunker can't do without Earl's persistent smile.

Neal Magnus can't do without a girl in the "Moon."

Gwenie Wilson can't do without an excuse to visit relatives??? in Napa.

Dorothea Severson can't do without a "Gas Man."

Clair Keene can't do without a "Roe" now and then.

* * *

A Coincident

Eldridge and Ruth, coming in late to U. S. history. Mr. E. to Eldridge—Where were you?

Eldridge—We didn't hear the bell.

* * *

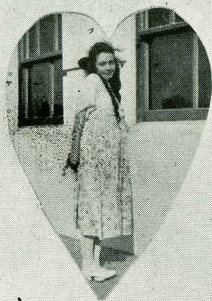
If it takes a chicken and a half a day and a half to lay an egg and a half, how long will it take a ship to lay too?



Bestful



Comfort.



Leo's.



studing



Armijos Mascot.



Mid. Dzs.

Ilute.



H2O.



Hint I Cute?



Oh Look!



Miscellaneous.



Gee Sallie!

Somebody's



Sweethearts

Is



Who Vamping?



The Eternal Triangle
Two Women & A Man.



Decorations Day.



Knock'em down, drag'em out!



Our Shark



I can't wait to run away!



Bootleggers



We Just Landed.

Funny, Huh!!

Discussing a play with Miss Davis.—Grace would make a good fairy, she is used to the "Woods."

* * *

What Happened!

Prof—How many Pilgrims came over?

Percy—One hundred.

Prof—One hundred started and one hundred and one landed.

* * *

Placing the Blame

Prof—Why were you late?

Tom—Class began before I got here.

* * *

Jane (in Agriculture)—Someone ate all our radishes.

Don—Wouldn't that get your goat?

Adey—No, they got all her radishes.

* * *

Junior—This soup is delicious.

Frosh—Yes, it sounds good.

* * *

Herb—Don't you think my mustache is becoming?

Ellie—It might be coming, but I haven't see it yet.

* * *

A cat has nine lives;

But that isn't right—

For a frog's just as good,

And croaks every night.

* * *

Jim—Did you hear that story about the peacock?

Edna— No.

Jim—A beautiful tail.

Brain Culture

"It was midnight on the ocean,
Not a street car was in sight.
The sun was shining brightly,
And it rained all day that night.

It was a winter's day in summer,
The sky was raining glass,
And a barefoot boy with shoes on
Stood up sitting on the grass.

It was evening and the rising sun
Was setting in the West.
The little fishes in the trees
Were huddled in their nests.

The rain was pounding down in drops,
The moon was shining bright,
And everything that you could see
Was hidden out of sight.

While the organ peeled potatoes,
Lard was rendered by the choir.
While the sexton rang his dish cloth,
Someone set the church on fire.

'Holy smoke!' the preacher shouted;
In his rush he lost his hair,
And his head resembled heaven—
There is no parting there."

—Exchange

* * *

He called her Lily, Pansy, Rose—
And every other flower that grows;
And then she blushed a rosy red;
"You Lilac everything," she said."

* * *

Ruth—I'll be 18 in a month.

Dink—You'll be 18! Gee, Ruth, then you can go to the poolrooms, n' everything.

Any Little Thing Like That

Prof.—Frankly, madame, your son lacks brains.

Mrs. B.—Get them for him immediately, and send me the bill. Nothing shall stand in the way of my Raymond's education.

* * *

Lucille—Do you want a job digging potatoes?

Evelyn—Yes, provided it's digging them out of the gravy.

* * *

Bea Mayfield—Study, study, study, study; nothing but study!

Margaret Connelly—Why, how long have you been studying?

Bea—I start tomorrow.

* * *

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"I'm going to sneeze, kind sir," she said.

"Tell me at what, my pretty maid?"

"At choo! At choo!" was all she said.

* * *

Teacher—What is your name?

Boy—Julie.

Teacher—Don't say Julie; you should say Julius. (Then to the next boy). What is your name?

Boy—Billious, teacher.

* * *

Prof—Gladys, where were you yesterday afternoon?

Gladys—I had a toothache.

Prof—Has it stopped aching?

Gladys—I don't know, the dentist kept it.



Innocence



Darn him.



Freshmen Flirts.



Who'll Get Him?



Posing for Betty.



Going Down.



Hello, Bee!



The Saturday Evening Post.



Beware.



Armando's

Coach.



Chicken Legs



There is Water



Petro of His Education



Oh Gosh!



Our "Came!"



Who's.



Joy Riders.



Oh Gee.



Oh Claire!
If she could see
you now!



What Used To Be.



Hoo! Hoo! Eleanor!



Laughing As Usual

Shocking

Who was the first bookkeeper?
Don't know.
Eve; she introduced the loose-leaf system.

* * *

Did she make a good impression last night,
Bob?

I'll say so. It was even hard to wash off.

* * *

Mr. Firehammer, to class in Biology—How
long does a guinea pig grow?

Leonard—Six or seven years.

* * *

Unusual

Miss Boeskin—Aileen, are you in "Every-
girl."

Aileen—Yes, but my costume is not dyed
yet.

Miss Boeskin—Do you feel like coming up
here Saturday morning and "dyeing"?

* * *

Herbert—I was in an awkward predicament
this morning.

Mildred M.—Why how was that?

Herbert—I came home late and my father
said: "What time is it?" I answered: "Just
twelve." But then the cuckoo clock sang out
three times.

Mildred—What did you do?

Herbert—I stood there and cuckooed nine
more times.

* * *

Wanted—A good nurse. Apply to Fresh-
man President.

* * *

There's the guy I'm laying for—said a hen
as a farmer crossed the yard.

Natural Mistake

Dink—What do you mean by telling Muriel
that I am a fool?

Ellie—Heavens! I'm sorry. Was it a secret?

* * *

Needs a Self-Commencer

Mr. Campbell—It's time for that young man
to go home.

Walter Goosen—Your father is an awful
crank.

Mr. Campbell (overhearing)—Well, when
you don't have a self-starter, a crank comes in
mighty handy.

* * *

F. O. B. Salt Lake

A big automobile stopped in front of the
general store at Cordelia. Within a few minutes
the car was surrounded by the entire loafing
population of the town. One of the patriarchs,
after giving it the "Cordelia," (the equivalent
to the up and down), enquired:

"Sonny, what make of car is that."

"Marmon."

"Well, by gosh! That's the first time I ever
heard of a Brigham Young making automobiles.

* * *

Eighteenth Amendment

Do you know this song, "Nobody Knows
How Dry I Am?"

Sure, that's the "Bottle Song of the Re-
public."

* * *

Charming

I kissed a girl on the chin the over eve-
ning, Bill.

Bill—Is that so?

Yes; she yelled "Oh, heavens above."

Modesty

Ellen—Why don't you wear calico any
more?

Flo—Oh, I just hate to see myself in print.

* * *

Winston—There's an awful rumbling like
a cart going over cobblestones, in my stomach.
It's probably that truck you ate for dinner.

* * *

Freshman

Sophomores to right of them,
Juniors to left of them,
Seniors in front of them,
And still they blundered.

* * *

Confident

Dot C.—Fuzzy, I want to ask you a question.
Fuzzy—Alright, but I'm glad it's not Leap
Year.

* * *

It's easy enough to be pleasant
When the machine is all in trim;
But the man worthwhile,
Is the man with a smile,
When he has to go home on the rim!

* * *

Mr. Firehammer—Name three articles con-
taining starch.

Bogie—Two cuffs and a collar.

* * *

Quite True

Lucille—You can't judge people by their
names.

Beryl—Is that so?

Lucille—One might think from the name
that a grass widow was "Green."

On The Stairs



Of Despair



Posing



Oh What A Risk

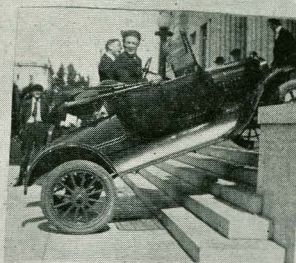


Who'll Play?

Come On!!



Who is He?



Arriving On Time



Finch's



Nightengales



So Goy



George's



Hard Boiled



Canne & Peaches



Why
Men Leave Home



Oh my Hair



Noisy



Here He Comes



Who Is He?



Keepers



Smiles



A Freshie



Diablo!

Student (browsing in bookstore)—“Last Days of Pompeii”—What did he die of?

Bookseller—Oh, I dunno. Some sort of eruption.

* * *

Tourist (looking at a volcano)—Looks like h——, doesn't it?

Native—How these Americans have traveled.

* * *

Christina Lorenzen—This dinner is fit for a king.

Winston Woods—Me for a republic.

* * *

He told the shy maid of his love,

The color left her cheeks.

But on the shoulder of his coat

It showed for several weeks.

* * *

The fellow who is driven to drink will take a long ride these days.

Question—What is meant by a “ruined career?”

Answer—Bartending.

* * *

Genevieve—I don't like these photos at all. I look like an ape.

The Prof, favoring her with a look of lofty disdain—You should have thought of that before you had your picture taken.

* * *

Can You Imagine?

Genevieve Goodell not talking?

Gladys Swanson not down at THE ice cream parlor?

Mrs. Cadman not helping Florence?
Edna Burrell serious?

Hazel and Orvin missing their morning's tete-a-tete in the Prof's room?
Anybody studying?

* * *

Oh, Chickie!

I know Tubby's happy,
His heart is full of bliss;
For Geraldine has consented
To be his candy kiss.

His heart beats like a tractor
When he puts his arm around 'er,
And a frog comes up in his throat
Which nearly makes him founder.

* * *

Sweet Girl Graduate—Oh, I want to do something big in life.

Cynic—Why not try washing elephants.

* * *

He—May I print a kiss upon your lips?
She—Yes, provided you promise not to publish it.

* * *

Co-Ed—I want something to wear around the dormitory.

Saleslady—How large is your dormitory?

* * *

Ruth—People say I have eyes just like my father.

Verne—Uh-huh. Pop-eyed.

* * *

Vivian—Was Gaines on his knees when he proposed to you?

Muriel—No, I was.

If a body see a body
Flunking in a quiz;
If a body help a body,
Is it anybody's biz? —Exchange

* * *

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,
Who ot himself hath never said,
As his name on the detention list is read,
X ? ! : 0 * * X Z @ lb & —Exchange

* * *

Track Team

Standing broad grin—Percy Neitzel.
Standing joke—Bowdoin Kemp.
Hop, skip and flunk—Virgil Boudreau.
Putting hot air—Herbert Roland.

* * *

Prof—A fool can ask more questions than a wise man can answer.

Student—No wonder I flunked that last ex.

* * *

He laid down by the sewer;
He laid there 'till he died.
The coroner held an inquest
And said it was sewer-cide.

* * *

She—Do you like corn on the ear?
He—I don't know, I never had one there.

* * *

Mr. Everett (speaking of the battle of Bunker Hill)—They all ran up the hill and got killed, then they all ran up and got killed again.

* * *

“Your ears have never been pierced?”

I asked, on converse bent.

“No, simply bored,” the girl replied.

I wonder what she meant?—Exchange

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Student (to Ruby, receiving ex-paper)—
What did you get?

Ruby—I got an awful pain.

* * *

Percy (getting an ad from an undertaker)
—Thank you; I hope this will help your business.

* * *

Donald (looking at the rain)—Speaking
from a chemical standpoint, we are having a
slight percipitation of oxidized hydrogen.

* * *

'21—Why do you call a tugboat "she"?

'22—Because she makes such an awful
noise when she tries to whistle.

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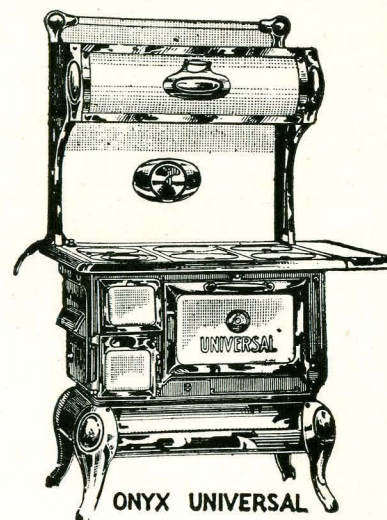
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